In this Number | **Rural Free Delivery of Mails** — **By Perry S. Heath, Ass't Postmaster-General**

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The Pirating *of the* Shah

By Cutcliffe Hyne

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

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Americans *in* Paris

THE best international arbiter is time. At the opening of the Spanish pavilion the other day one of the guests of honor was Mr. Ferdinand W. Peck, the United States Commissioner. In an appropriate speech he congratulated the Duke of Sesto on the beauty and picturesqueness of the Spanish palace and added to these compliments a delicate allusion to the new friendship that was growing up between the two countries. The Duke of Sesto and the Marquis of Villalobar responded in the same friendly fashion, and while this was going on a number of the American guards, in full uniform, were lunching fraternally with the little Spanish guardsmen in yellow and red. It is pleasant to think that race hatreds are not nearly so persistent as they used to be. Two hundred years after the fighting was over the Swiss would not suffer a peacock to live in Switzerland, because the Archdukes of Austria, their ancient enemies, wore peacocks' feathers in their crest. The new way is better. With the rumble of war still in their ears, the American guards sat down to a friendly dish of Spanish onions. It may be that Chamberlain and Kruger will smoke a pipe of peace some day.

A Prophecy of Greatness

Poets and showmen are born, not made. Major Fred Brackett, who is the Secretary of the United States Commission here, has a son who was brought up on expositions—as less conspicuous children are brought up on the bottle. He was born in Minnesota and named after William Windom, once Secretary of the Treasury. His first exposition was that of his native State in 1883. He was eight years old and he peddled enough chewing-gum to clear five hundred dollars. Two years later this very young American ran a raffling machine at the Grand Army Fair at Washington and made nearly one thousand dollars. By the time the World's Fair at Chicago came around he was eighteen. He secured an insignificant position at twenty dollars a month, but at the end of a few weeks he found himself in charge of the entire Russian section. After closing up that business he went to the Nashville Exposition—with a gypsy village. At Omaha, in 1898, by a subtle combination of chewing-gum, gypsies and rolling-chairs, he made $8000 in two months. His interest in the Paris Exposition is divided between his soda-water fountain, programs, an American baseball team, and a small but lively Wild West show.

"Until recently," he said, "I used to have to put in my time between expositions at school, but now there is nothing to interfere with my work. After the Paris show is over I am going to take a Swiss village to Russia."

I'm not an authority on Barnums, but if this young American doesn't turn out a second Phineas I shall be much surprised.

Educating Europe to Eat Corn

The moving sidewalk will set you down at the Champs de Mars; then if you will skirt the Swiss village and climb three pairs of stairs—past reaping machines, binders, mowers, brooders, hatchers and other inventions essentially Yankee—you will discover the Corn Kitchen. This is the rallying place for all good Americans in Paris. There is a big circular luncheon bar; behind the bar are a half dozen Southern "Mammies," their blackish faces shining out under red turbans. It is their amiable business to serve corn soup and corn fritters, hominy and corn "flapjacks," hoecakes and popcorn—not forgetting the maple syrup and pickles.

All day a hungry American crowd throngs there—for there is nothing to pay; think of it, my brother, it is in the Paris Exposition of 1900 and you do not have to pay; you can't even "tip" the turbaned darkies, for they are above that sort of thing. Behind the half-circle of the luncheon counter you may see now and then a stalwart, shortish man, who looks uncannily like Phil Sheridan. This is Colonel Clark E. Carr, who, under President Harrison's Administration, was our Minister to Denmark. Out in Illinois they know him better as "Carr of Galesburg, the corn-man."

"I came over," he explained, "only for the inauguration of this corn-section. I'm going home by the next steamer, but I'm well content. Just look at those Frenchmen over in that corner wolfing down our Johnny-cakes. They're learning to eat corn. And when we do get it into their heads that there is nothing like corn there will be an economic revolution."

Colonel Carr has a theory that the country that rules the food supply of the world rules the world. He will tell you that Rome was great only so long as she held the markets of the world; when she lost them she went under. To-day America is the greatest of wheat-producing countries, but Russia, Hungary and the British possessions may endanger our supremacy. Our way out of the woods is to teach the world to eat corn.

"The future dictatorship of the universe," the Colonel will tell you with a fine Western gesture, "is to the land of the waving corn-tassels."

A New Fable of Wishes Granted

On the Columbia, coming over, there was a crowd of famous people, opera singers and musicians. Among them were Nordica, Ben Davies and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Edward Krehbiel. Mr. Krehbiel, as you know, is the great Cham of musical criticism. They thought they would have a photograph taken on deck as a souvenir of the trip. While Mr. Davies was arranging his complicated photographic apparatus they stood waiting. Time passed—as in young ladies' novels. They got tired and sat down, every one save Mr. Krehbiel and Nordica.

"Aren't you almost ready?" Madame Nordica asked.

"Not for a minute or two," said the amateur photographer; "this plate won't work."

Nordica thought she was safe.

"The way I should like to be taken is this," she said, and she laid her head theatrically on Mr. Krehbiel's shoulder and took one of his hands in hers. At that moment a felonious passenger strolled by and snapped a kodak on them.

There were screams from the prima donna, and Mrs. Krehbiel said something and so did Mr. Krehbiel. No more pictures were taken that day. Once or twice during the rest of the voyage Mr. Krehbiel was almost put in irons for breach of the peace, but neither he nor Madame Nordica was able to capture that kodak film. If they really want a copy they will probably find it in print some day.

Maurice Jokai, Soldier-Novelist

Maurice Jokai, the celebrated Hungarian novelist, came to Paris the other day for the first time in thirty-three years. He is over seventy-five years of age, and he brought with him a girlish bride, who is exactly fifty-four years his junior.

Although he is not "An American in Paris"—which is a mere accident for which he should not be held responsible, nor I—there is no man whom I admire more than this sturdy old hero of letters. Think of that battalion of one hundred and twenty novels which he has led out to storm the heights of success! We received him here at the railway station with cries of "*Eljen!*"—though we didn't know exactly how to pronounce it—and with a rainbow rain of roses and orchids. Was it on account of that calf-skinned battalion, one hundred and twenty strong, or the young girl that clung to his arm? Each was a triumph in its way.

In the evening I got a few words with him alone. Once upon a time I had translated some of the poems of Petöfi, that soldier and poet who fought with Jokai in the rebellion of 1849, in which the Hungarians did really "stagger humanity." Jokai spoke of him with an enthusiasm that would have reminded you of a Scotchman talking of Burns or a Greek talking of Lord Byron.

"He was an original," said M. Jokai, "and used to boast that he was the one college man who had never worn a silk hat or heard an opera. His chief personal peculiarity was that he would never wear a necktie. When he was on Kossuth's staff the General gave him a formal order to put on the regulation cravat. The poet replied: 'General, if I can't fight and die for my country without a cravat, I'm willing to resign.' He didn't resign; he died for his country—without a necktie.

"That was in the days of my youth," said Jokai dreamily; then, as Madame Jokai rejoined us, he stood up and made the prettiest remark an old man could make. He said: "I was speaking of other happy days, my dear—the days of my first youth."

—VANCE THOMPSON.

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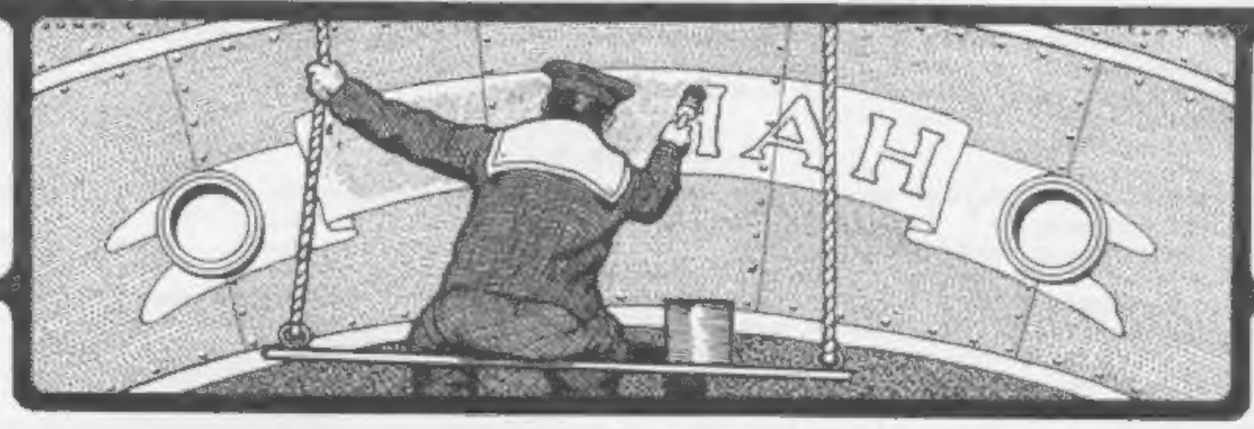
The PIRATING OF "THE SHAH"

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE

Pictures by GEORGE GIBBS



NOW, I'll not deny I guessed there was something fishy about the Shah from the very first minute her skipper talked to me; but I was not in a position to pick and choose. In fact, I was that pushed, it was a choice between taking the berth I was offered or going to sea as an ordinary fireman at four pounds a month.

It was my weakness for an occasional drop that had got the better of me, as usual. I had come into New Orleans on one of the West Indian Pacific boats, and the berth was good. I was third on her, and though I ought to have been second, the berth as third was distinctly good. We engineers had a messroom, with a steward all to ourselves, and bread was baked on board fresh three times a week. There was no stint of anything; even pickles were to be had for sticking out your fork; and any one but a fool would have stayed on that ship and read up textbooks and won promotion. I was a fool.

When this berth on the Shah turned up I'd got down to my last twenty-five cents, and I just had to take it and hold my tongue.

It was her skipper himself that lured me into it. He was a smallish chap, called Blake—American-Irish, I think—and the biggest thief in the two Atlantics. He'd a face on him like a saint in a stained-glass window, and a reputation that would have spoiled a gallows. But he could talk polite fit to make an actor of.

So far no jail had ever claimed him, because he had always kept to windward of the law, or hadn't been caught. He came across me sitting on a cotton bale on the levee at the foot of Canal Street. He had just come down river in a big stern-wheeler, and I was the first person he spoke to after he walked down her gangplank.

"You're Mr. Sandy McTodd, ain't you?"

"Neil Angus McTodd."

"Same thing. Still out of a berth, sonny?"

"I haven't decided yet which to take."

"Then take mine, or I reckon you'll starve."

"Is that stern-wheeler yours, Captain?"

"No, siree. I'm Captain Blake, of the Shah. She's down river, at anchor by the quarantine station, waiting orders. And I want a new second engineer. My last skipped. If you think you'd like the berth, come along."

"Right-o," said I, and walked with him up Canal Street, and we turned off and went into a saloon. It was on the French side, and I'd seen more fashionable places. We went into a private room upstairs.

"Now," said the Captain, "let's get to business. Item the first, you're broke?"

"I'm no Jay Gould just for the minute," I said.

"And you'd like to earn treble wages, even with hard work?"

"I'm with you there."

"And could be content to ask no questions?"

"About what, Captain?"

"Carrajo! There you are, beginning already. You've got to ask no questions whatever, my son, if you come aboard of me, and you're to see nothing you're not intended to see. I can get the ordinary type of inquisitive idiot cheap anywhere. My last second engineer was that brand, and I had no use for him. So I just fired him out. You can bet I'm not offering big pay for nothing. No, siree. I want a man who can keep his head shut."

"I'm that way, Captain, if the pay's big enough."

"Sufficient 'siller' will make you concentrate your thoughts on that and not see anything else? I quite savvy your idea. Well, Mr. McTodd, there's twelve pound a month for you so long as you're second engineer, and thirty when you're chief."

"Me chief!"

"That's what I said."

"Will you tell me, is there any chance of that happening?"

"Every chance; with decent luck you ought to be chief engineer of the Shah by this day week."

"But how——"

He cut me short with a laugh. "I'm not going to talk," he said. "Here's the offer ready packed up and waiting for you; take it or don't."

"I'm coming with you, Captain."

"Very well. We'll go round right now and get you signed on, and then we'll be off to the ship. There's a tender running down to the quarantine station in half an hour from this. You can fill up your kit from the slop-chest when we get on board. The Shah's got a fine slop-chest."

"How do you know I've no kit, Captain?"

He laughed pleasantly. "Never you mind how. But, you can take it from me, I do know. I know all about you; yes, siree, every blooming thing, or the pair of us wouldn't be talking here now. And I say, also, you'll find me a good shipmate."

We got down to the Shah that afternoon, and I must say she was a vessel that pleased the eye. She was a fine new ship, built and engined on the Clyde, and owned by a Liverpool firm. She was some 1500 tons burden. Her last skipper had died of yellow-jack in Pensacola, Florida; Mr. Knowles, the mate, had brought her across to New Orleans, and Captain Blake had been engaged by cable from England.

"Be a sensible man, Mr. McTodd," said he, "and do as we want you"

He had to sail in two days from getting the billet, and he certainly made good use of his time, for in those two days he not only planned how to run away with the Shah as she stood, but had also got together the men who were necessary to help him. But about that, of course, I did not know till later.

Steam was ordered for daybreak, and so I was pretty full up till then, finding my way about and getting the hang of the machines. The chief was a nervous man, and he seemed to have a small opinion of my capabilities. I wondered much what he would think if he got to know I was to step into his shoes. Of course, though, I said nothing about that, but just followed him about and listened with a puckered face while he gave me tips about his engines.

At daybreak, punctually enough, we got under way, with a Port Eads pilot on the bridge to take us out through the Southwest Pass. I was free after the watch was set, and went out on deck for a whiff of air. The river was smeared with a three-foot layer of white mist; you could barely see the yellow water as it scrubbed along the steamer's side; and the trees on the shores were cut off clean by the whiteness half-way up their trunks.

There was a smell to the mist like new-turned earth; it was just the smell you got up the Congo and the West African rivers; and it as good as said to me, "My lad, you take precautions, or you'll have a dose of fever coming back to you." So I went below to rout up the cabin steward to get a dose of quinine out of the medicine chest, when who should come in there but the old man himself.

"Quinine?" says he. "Certainly, Mac, my lad. Wade in, and help yourself. Say, you'd better take a couple of Cody's pills to ram it home."

"Cody's?" said I. "They're new to me."

"Best pill that was ever rolled," said he. "Your English pills make me tired. I guess a man might as well swallow shot-corns for all the good they do. Now, Cody's are regular twisters; it doesn't matter what a man has the matter with him, Cody's get right there, and let him know they're attending to business. Are you interested in drugs, Mac?"

"No man more so. I've been in the West coast trade, Captain, and drugs just kept me alive. I fair lived on them, and no expense spared."

"Sit down right here," said he, "and put that cigar in your face. We must have more talk about this. I need a great deal of drugs myself, and what I don't know about them isn't worth knowing. Bear a hand, and we'll pull out the medicine chest and go through it right now."

Well, I have got to tell a good deal against Captain Blake later, but I will say here that for a man who was splendidly informed with regard to medicine, I never met his equal. It seems he always read carefully through all the papers which his bottles and pill boxes were wrapped in, and that's a thing many people omit, and besides, he'd a book on doctoring that he knew better by heart than he did his Norie's Epitome. He showed himself quite the gentleman, too, in the way he left the Shah's medicine chest at my discretion. "Wade in," he said, "and help yourself, Mac. I'd not give that leave to everybody; but you're a man that knows what he's about—equal to a doctor in a hospital ashore."

It was while we were having this talk that the propeller stopped. He gave me

a curious look, and "I reckon," said he, "that means we're on the ground." But he didn't offer to move from his seat.

"Well," thought I, "the ebb's making fast, and if we don't get off quick, here we'll stay for another tide." But as it was not my place to say anything, I held my tongue.

"Dangerous things, these Mississippi bars," says he. "We're very likely to get some plates started over this game."

"Oh, no," said I, "there is no danger. It's all soft mud underneath. Why, we never felt her going on. There was no shock whatever."

He leaned across and whispered in my ear: "But I say there is danger, Mr. McTodd. I tell you this ship's bottom has very likely received such damage here that it is quite on the cards she may sink when she gets into the sea-way outside. If you let news of that slip out among your grubby crowd in the stokehole I shall be your debtor. Now, sonny, don't stop to think; go right now and do as you're bid."

I said, "Aye, aye, sir," by force of instinct, and went away below. The third engineer was standing by the reversing gear and asked me what was amiss. I told him we were on the ground, and said I'd a fear we might have some of our bottom plates started. He cackled at me with laughter, and I felt my face grow red.

"Why, what a blessed scary Scotchman you must be!" said he. "She took the ground like butter going on to a bar of soap. It wouldn't have cracked the glass in a greenhouse."

"There are snags in this Mississippi mud," I said. "We're down in the Pass now. If you go on deck and look over the banks you'll see the sand outside in the Gulf regularly sown with tree trunks. They're as dangerous to a ship's bottom as coral rock."

"McTodd," said he, "get away to your bunk and sleep it off. Your nerves are a bit joggled up." And off I went, feeling pretty foolish. But I had noticed one of the firemen listening to our talk, and judged that I had done what the Captain intended.

We did not get off that tide or the next, but stayed there stewing in the heat and gnawed at by the mosquitoes, while the engines ran ahead and astern, in half-hour spells alternately, and the Captain on the bridge talked to the pilot for trying to rip the bottom out of her. Indeed, when we did get off the bar at last, and slowed down off the lighthouse on the Port Eads spit, to drop the pilot into his boat, I thought then that he must have been glad to see the last of us. But I have guessed since that the fellow must have been paid to let us ground on the bar so as to pave the way for what was to happen afterward.

Only one other conversation did I have with Captain Blake before the Shah was pirated, and that was the afternoon we were off Key West. I met him, as it were, by accident, in the port alleyway, and he asked me to come along to the chart-house and see if I could find out what was wrong with his hanging-lamp. "The carpenter has tried his hand," said he, "and made no sort of a job of it at all, and I guess my room smells of kerosene like a Pittsburg tool shop. But you're a man of ideas, McTodd, and you'll see what's wrong at a glance."

"I can no' smell oil just the now, Captain," said I, when we got inside the chart-house; "but if ye'll just let me hand the lamp a minute or so——"

"Shucks," he says, "let the lamp alone. That was only a blind, because I didn't care to say below what I wanted you for, in case somebody was listening. Sit down on the sofa, Mac, and fill your pipe. What do you think of the chief engineer?"

"It's no' for me to speak evil of my superiors; but I'd call him a very careful officer."

"He's an old woman—a nervous old woman, that's what the chief is. And he's no idea which side of his bread's margarined. Now, I guess you have, Mac. There are no flies on you—and—I believe you could keep your head shut if a secret was told you?"

"That depends."

"Oh," said the Old Man, "if you can't give me a promise, I can hold my tongue."

"Well," I said, "I'm pinning myself to nothing, ye'll understand, but I'll not repeat any matter you choose to speak upon."

"That's good enough for me," says the Skipper, and he started in to reel out a tale which made the hair tickle on the top of my scalp. He was not very long about it; he told me his scheme in forty words; and then he asked my opinion on it.

"Man," I said, "it's piracy—no less."

"Oh," he says, "it's that."

"You are going to take ship and cargo at one steal?"

"At one steal, Mac. No use taking four bites at a persimmon."

"But, if you're caught?"

"To begin with, we sha'n't be; there's no chance of it. And, supposing we were, we'd get it no hotter for taking the whole ship than we should for annexing one of her boats. Now, are you going to be sensible, and bear a hand?"

"Captain Blake," I said, "you're talking to the wrong man. My father was a minister in the Free Kirk of Scotland, and if I'd gone straight I might be living in his manse even to-day. I've a failing (and a taste for the sea) which has brought me down to what I am now, and I'm fond of a good wage; but neither the one nor the other can induce me to do what you ask. Man, it's most immoral; besides, it's no' as safe as you seem to think."

"Well, Mac," he said, "if we don't trade, we don't, and there's an end to it. Only remember, I hold your promise not to repeat what's been spoken."

"I'm no' likely to forget," I said, and took my cap and left the chart-house.

CHAPTER II

NOW, although he had told me he intended to steal the Shah, Captain Blake had said nothing about his method; and when he got to work that very night I had no idea that what was happening came from his hand and was the outcome of his knavish ingenuity.

I had gone off watch at midnight, had turned in, and had been sleeping some hour and a half when a fireman came to rouse me.

He said: "She's half full of water, sir, and one of the bilge pumps is broke down. It's two feet deep over our footplates already, and coming in like a millrace. It'll reach the fires directly, sir; and then it'll be a case of Golden Shore for all hands, if we don't look out. She must have started a plate as you said, sir, when she took the ground in the Pass yonder."

Of course the yarn about a plate being started when she struck on the bar ought to have given me the hint. But it did not. When a man is woke up out of sleep with news that the ship is settling under him he has enough to think of in the present without bothering his head about things of that kind; and I just slipped on a pair of boots and ran to the engine-room in pajamas, just as I was.

The chief and the third were hard at work at the broken bilge pump; but it wasn't easy work, because every time she rolled down that side a good ten foot of water soused over their ears. The water was gaining—there was no mistake about that; you could feel the steamer grow more sodden with every roll; and it was clear enough that, with the one steam pump we had working, we could not keep her afloat another two hours. The stokehole was full of steam from the ashes falling into the water; and presently the splashings began to hit the bottom of the fire bars and the steam grew worse.

Then the fires started in to die, and the gauges fell so that you could see them. We did not stop the engines. They slowed by degrees, and brought up of themselves. And then, like drowned rats, we went out on deck. The chief and I were the last to go; there was nothing else to be done.

"I marked off twelve minutes on the engine-room clock and lit my pipe"

There was a snoring breeze, with a stiffish sea running. It wasn't cold, because we were in the thick of the Gulf Stream; but the night was as black as coal, with driving rain, and not a bit inviting for a boat cruise. However, there was no help for it. Knowles and the two other mates and the carpenter had got the two lifeboats swung out; the stewards and the cook were victualling them, and the hands were bidden to tumble in without any more delay. A tailor could have seen that the old Shah had not got very much longer to float.

I wasn't going to lose the things I had bought out of the slop-chest, so I had it in my mind to go below and put them together. I had got to the head of the companion to do this when Captain Blake came out of the chart-house with the light from inside shining full on his face. He was as cool as a fish, and smiling.

"Ah, Mac," he said, "glad to see you are keeping your head. I'll remember this in your favor afterward. Say, just slip into the chart-house here, will you, and take charge of a bag of bullion? Carry it with you to the port lifeboat, and if you get it safely ashore you shall have ten per cent. as salvage for your pains. Come right in."

I stepped into the chart-house, the door closed behind me, and I found myself face-on to a curious sight. The carpenter was sitting on the Captain's sofa, and opposite him was one of the deck hands, a fellow who had joined from New Orleans when I did, fingering a nickel-plated revolver.

"Hello," said I, "what does this mean?"

"It means," says Blake from behind me, "that you've got to stay right here on this ship, Mac, and be her chief engineer, whether you like it or not. Now, I've got a knife in my hand this minute" (he laid the cold blade lightly upon the back of my neck for an instant, and then whisked it away again), "and it would annoy me very much to kill you. I've no time for long argument; will you stay alive, or will you stay dead?"

"I've got to save my life," I said.

"You're a sensible man, Mac. Just sit beside Chips, on the sofa there, and talk to Mr. Legrand. Oh, I forgot to introduce you; Legrand is the new mate. And now, I must be off to see that all the members of this ship's company I don't want go off cruising sociably together in the lifeboats."

He went out into the dark, closing the door on his heels, and I found myself sitting beside the carpenter, looking at the big sallow-faced creole who held the revolver.

"Man," I said, "the skipper's gone mad. I've just come from below myself, and I know what it's like. She'll swamp in half an hour. Ye're just holding us here to drown."

"Shucks!" he said. "That's only part of the game to get the ship to ourselves, and to scare off those we didn't want."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, there have been a couple of sea-cocks opened, that's all; and if you want to know who did it, here's the man standing before you. I did another thing, too; it was me that smashed the bilge pump."

"And who's going to work the ship when the crew have gone?"

"Oh, we'll have eight of a crew, all told, counting in you and me and Chips here, and the Skipper. Two of them stowed away in the forehold, and two signed on as coal trimmers."

"I'm shipmates with some very clever scoundrels," I thought, and wished myself far enough away. But as there was no means of getting clear I thought it was best to save my throat by doing as I was bid. Legrand seemed to guess what was passing through my mind. "Be a sensible man, Mr. McTodd," said he, "and do as we want you, and draw your thirty pound a month, and then go ashore and spend it when the time comes. About the right and wrong of the business you have no concern; that lies between us and our consciences; you have been forced into it against your will."

"Well," I said, "Mr. Legrand, you's a very sensible way of putting it—and thirty pound a month's a very pleasant wage to finger."

"Bonny Scotland," says Legrand with a laugh. "Hello! here's the Skipper again. Well, sir?"

Blake came into the chart-house, his face glistening with the wet. "They're off," he said, "all in the starboard lifeboat; and they blew out of sight in a dozen minutes. Knowles is steering, and the old chief has manned the bailer. They expect that the balance of us are following them in the port boat, to rendezvous at Key West; and as we sha'n't turn up by to-morrow morning or the next day we shall be reported lost. Nothing could have happened better. That crowd will be ready to swear, all of them, that they saw the Shah founder before they had left her neighborhood, and so the lot of us can start fresh with purser's names on a fine new steamboat which hasn't cost us a cent."

"And being without papers," I said, "you won't be able to get into a single port to sell her, or to look for freights, or to do anything."

"My dear Mac," said Blake, "do give me credit for a child's sense. Of course this ship's got papers, a bran new set of papers, and she's got to be altered to suit them. Her name's the George M. Washington, her engines were built at Liverpool; her port—but you'll hear all that afterward. At present there's work to do, and I guess all hands have got to sweat this night as they never sweated before. Come out now and bear a hand to get the water out of her."

It was difficult to stand on deck, for every roll sent her down to the rail, and the foredeck was afloat half the time. She lay helpless in the trough, and the water inside her sobbed like crying women. Of course, the steam pumps below were useless, but by a mercy she had a hand pump on deck, and we manned that, watch and watch about, for half-hour spells, and picked the water out of her by gallons to the minute.

The sea-cocks had been turned off, so we'd no further leak, and we got the trysails and the two topsails on her and shaped a course almost free for the Cuban shore. We hadn't got her clear by daylight, or anything like it, for the hand pump had its limits; but we pulled the water down below the firebars of furnaces, and were able to get lit up again and see the steam rise in the gauges.

It was an anxious time then. If any other steamers saw us, drifting about there under sail alone, they would come up to offer assistance, find out who we were, and the game would be up. The spot was likely to be crowded, too, because we were in the ship track between the Gulf ports and the Florida Channel. But the thieves' luck held, and we got her under steam again, kicked out the balance of the water with the bilge pumps, and stood across for a lonely bay in Cuba, where we could alter the poor old Shah's appearance undisturbed.

We were at anchor there by early afternoon, and a rough, wild place it was, walled in with tropical trees, and closed from all view to seaward. Sea-fowl were the only living creatures which met the eye, unless one could count the sharks and the sawfish which cruised round us in the water. As a pirates' harbor no better spot could have been found in all the world; and that is what we were then—just pirates; all, that is, except Chips and myself, who had been forced into the business against our will.

The work began at once. Stages were rigged over the side, and the black paint was changed to gray. The names on the boats and the lifebuoys were altered. The funnel was turned from red and white to black and blue. The yards were taken off her forrard, the two topmasts sent down and two ten-foot stump topmasts put on end in their place. The Clyde name-plates were shifted from the engines, and the wheel-house was knocked away from the upper

bridge. She looked a different ship. The gray paint and the stump topmasts seemed to make her half as big again as the British steamer Shah that had sailed out of the Mississippi River. I could have sworn that her own builders wouldn't have recognized the ship, even if they had stood beside her on a dock wall.

Well, there was no time lost after that work was done.

We were not there pleasuring, any of us, and we upped anchor as soon as we had finished transmogrifying her, and set out for the Horn and the Chilian coast. Legrand was for putting in to some Brazilian port to try and pick up a few more hands. But Captain Blake said "No."

He was not a nervous man, but he was no fool to stand in the way of unnecessary risks. The George M. Washington was to keep out of all human sight till she made her Chilian port, and then no one would connect her with the Shah, which had been lost in the Mexican Gulf. She was to get a cargo from there to China, or else go across in ballast, and in China she was to be sold. That was the program. He was quite aware it would be desperately hard work for all hands, but the pay was big to match, and they could have free run of all the grub in the ship. Besides, he was not sparing himself.

He was all civility in his talk; he'd a smile and a good word for everybody; but Captain Blake was not the man you'd care to be cross with. He quite gave you the notion that he'd as soon stick you as look at you if it came to refusing what he wished.

CHAPTER III

NOW, the end of this pirating business came in a way which no one had quite foreseen; and though the underwriters did not get back the insurance they had paid on the Shah, the George M. Washington was never turned into a tangible profit by those who had stolen her.

It seems that Mr. Knowles, the former first mate, had taken the starboard lifeboat safely enough into Key West; had found himself out of a berth; was given the offer of a captaincy on a guano bark then in Panama, whose late master had died of coast fever, and had jumped at the chance. He got a lift down to Aspinwall in a freight steamer, crossed the Isthmus by railroad, and left Panama for the South the very day we pulled our anchors out of that bay in Cuba. It was not much of a coincidence that he should be coming in to Callao roadstead through the North Channel, past San Lorenzo Island, when we were steaming in through the Southern.

We were in first, and had brought to an anchor, waiting for the health officer. I was half dead with work and heat, and had come up out of the engine-room and was sitting in a chair under the bridge deck-awning, getting a spell of rest. There was a glare from the water which hurt, so by way of ease I kept my drowsy eyes on a little old bark that was coming in under lower topsails, with just enough breeze to give her steerage way. She was heading so as to pass within a dozen yards of us, and I watched her with eyes that did not see. Presently the sound of voices came dully to my ears.

"The color of her sides is different, the funnel's different, those stump topmasts are different, and the wheel-house is unshipped from the upper bridge. Still, she's remarkably like my old ship, for all that."

"But she's got a starboard lifeboat. It was the starboard you went off in, wasn't it, Captain?"

"That's not a lifeboat in those starboard davits. That's a quarterboat they've shifted from aft. And the after davits have been unshipped. Look, you can see the sockets of them. By gum, matey, I believe it is the Shah and no other."

I was beginning to wake up. The conversation went on.

"Can't be, Captain. Look at the name all over her—George M. Washington. That's no name for a British ship. I can't say, though, come to look at her, that she does look much like a blazing Yankee."

"Yankee be hanged! Look at those main shrouds. I rattled them down myself in Pensacola, and we put in wire for every third ratline."

"Whatever for?"

"Sure I can't say. Some crank the Old Man had. But wire it was, and if you look there you'll see it for yourself. By gum, it *is* the Shah, sure as death. She's been run away with, and for a bet it's that mealy-mouthed Blake that's done it. I'm going to lay information so soon as ever I can get ashore to the Custom House. I'd a good berth on that ship, and I don't thank the man who kicked me out."

I was awake enough by this time, and had recognized Knowles, and was beginning to wonder why he had not recognized me. But then I remembered that, first of all, I was sitting in deep shadow, and secondly, I was wearing a five-weeks' beard. So I lay still where I was till the guano bark had dragged slowly past over the swells, and then I got up and slipped into the chart-house. There was no need to tell my news. Captain Blake had heard every word that had been said through a port above his bed place.

He looked at me as coolly as though everything was smooth. "It's a beastly nuisance, isn't it, Mac? Just when we were so near fingering our dividends, too!"

"Then shall I lose my wages?" I asked.

"I guess, Mac, you can earn nothing more out of this cruise, at present, than a hemp necktie."

"Oh, I'm clear of that, at any rate. Man, do ye no' remember I was forced into the business against my will?"

"Quite so. Go ashore and tell that to the authorities. They're certain to believe your bare word on the subject!"

"Phew!" I whistled. It hadn't struck me that way. Of course, I had got no sort of a tale which would be believed when it came to putting it in bare words.

"No, my son," said Blake. "It's a case of all sticking together yet, and with luck we'll not only save our necks but we'll realize on the ship."

"We've only two days' more coal."

"I know that."

"Then what's your plan, Captain?"

"I'll tell it you later. For the present, go away right now and make steam again. I guess we've little enough time to waste. There's a cruiser over yonder that can put to sea in two hours, and they'll send word to her directly Knowles gets ashore with this news. Away with you, now, and make your sweeps hump themselves, or else they'll hang."

"Have the first, you're broke?"

There was every inducement for hurry, and every one knew that. Legrand was down helping me, and so was the carpenter. We coaxed the steam up by every means we knew; and when, at last, Legrand was able to go on the foredeck and heave up it was none too soon. The cruiser astern of us was bustling with life; a naphtha launch was coming to us from the inner harbor as fast as she could pelt; and it was plain that all Callao was alive with Knowles' tidings.

The Skipper had got the upper bridge alone, and held the steam steering-wheel in his own hands. He was heading her for the Northern Channel, between San Lorenzo Island and the land, and, as usual, he was taking matters quite calmly and with a smile on his saintly face. He neither swore nor shouted. He was the most unaccountable shipmaster I ever came across in that way.

But it was the naphtha launch that destroyed us. We started slow, and she nearly boarded; but as steam got up, so did our pace improve, till at last she could do no more than keep her place. If he could once have shaken her off, I believe Captain Blake would have found some plan for escape; but, as it was, that was out of the question. There was not a breath of wind. The long Pacific swells came rolling in from the westward, so that when we were in a trough we could not see where they broke in thunder on the beach; and all the time that naphtha launch hung doggedly in our wake.

The hands were making steam for everything they were worth, and all I had to do was to run about my machinery with a hot oil-kettle and keep everything lubricated. It said much for my keeping of those engines the way they buckled up to the work then. They couldn't have run smoother if ten men with chiefs' tickets had been tending them every day since they left the shops. I wish the beastly Board of Trade examiners could have seen me then.

The excitement was too big for me to keep myself below all the time. I just had to pop my head out of the engine-room door every now and again to look astern. But if for a moment the naphtha launch was out of sight, she'd roll up again high against the horizon over the next swell; and if we dropped her at all it was only for a few lengths to the hour. Still, it wasn't her duty to board. She was only acting as jackal to the bigger craft, and, presently, the masts and smoke of that showed up against the sea-line.

Landsmen might have chucked up the sponge then. But we hung on. Everything was possible in a stern chase at sea; besides, darkness would be down in another hour, and we might slip away under its cover. We felt cramped about the throat, I can tell you, then. It didn't take much imagination to see the gallows ready rigged.

Night came down when the cruiser was five miles astern, but it did not help us. The sky was lit like a theatre; the swells were full of speckles of phosphorescence, and where they broke upon the beach you might have thought there was a line of bonfires. The cruiser followed us, and came up as though she had a line to our stern and was heaving of it on her winches.

At a mile and a half she began to shoot, and I'll not say her practice was good. I stood outside my engine-room door when I could spare a moment to watch, and saw the shots plow gutters in the swells and send fountains of flame far toward the sky.

Then of a sudden the motion changed; the roll gave way to a steady pitch, and I knew what had happend. Captain Blake had starboarded his helm and was going to put the stolen steamer on the beach. Well, there was a poor enough chance for us there in all that surf. A minute later there was a whistle down the voice-tube, and he told me in words what I had guessed already. He said, also, we'd be on the ground inside a dozen minutes, and we were all to come on deck so as to get the best chance of reaching shore.

I said "Aye, aye," and told the hands, and they went willingly enough. But for myself, I stayed. I'd got my engines to look after. It was pretty tough work waiting, though. I marked off twelve minutes on the engine-room clock, and lit my pipe. But I had to fill it twice before time was up. The tobacco seemed to burn quicker than usual, somehow.

At last she did it. She took the ground somewhere forward, and jarred fit to knock one's teeth out. Then she lifted on a swell, and lit the whole of her length on the ground, till you'd have thought the footplates would have risen up through your cap. Then she lifted twice more, and began to make a noise like a meat tin does when boys kick it along a paved street.

By that time she had broached to, and as she was on the beam ends with the engines racing badly, I shut off the throttle before the poor things rived themselves clear of their bedplates. Then I opened the escape valve to the full and climbed out on deck. The seas were making a clean breach over her by that time, but I noticed that the port lifeboat was gone, and the falls showed she'd been lowered. There was not a man left in sight; but whether they had been washed overboard or had gone away in the boat, I could not tell. I never saw any of them again.

The door I was holding to went with the next sea, and there was I in the surf, two hundred yards off the dry beach. I can swim like a rat or a Krooboy, and I had to do it then. That Pacific surf is something awful when one of those big ground-swells is on.

But I got thrown up by the sea at last, bruised as though I had been beaten with sticks; and there I lay on the sand and watched the surf smash my beautiful engines till they weren't fit to put on the scrap-heap. The cruiser had done her work, and was steaming back for Callao; the naphtha launch was out of sight; the lifeboat, if she had survived, had slipped far away from view, and the sea lay empty.

Day sprang up over the water, and I got up stiffly and walked north along the coast. A dozen miles brought me to an Indian village, where I must say that, niggers though they were, they treated me like a king. I stayed there six months, and might have stayed a lifetime. But I was a fool and got restless. The sea always drags me. And I went along to a little port and found a ship. The sea always does drag me. It is my luck, I suppose, to be that kind of a fool.

Of course, Captain Blake treated me badly, and I worked a long time, and very hard, without a sixpence of wage. But, somehow, I don't wish that man evil. I've never come across any one with a nicer knowledge of drugs or a freer hand in giving them out to his engineer officers. Why, I must have taken eight boxes of those Cody pills, at the very least.

She Knew His Business

FOR many years Aqueduct Commissioner Maurice J. Power, of New York, was a police justice. Politics, however, is not Mr. Power's livelihood. He is a manufacturer and connoisseur of bronze art work. During the last year of Mr. Power's service on the police bench he received a call at his house one evening. A formal dinner was in progress. The visitor failed to make her errand clear to the servant and the Justice's daughter went to the door.

"The Judge sint me son up to the Island this mornin' an' I want to see him," said the woman.

"What judge?" asked Miss Power.

"I disremimber his name, mum"—by this time the Justice and two of his friends had gone into the smoking-room, near the door, where the dialogue was clearly heard—"but he makes thim tin images up in Twenty-fifth Street."

At this point the Justice interrupted the dialogue. The woman did not get her son off the Island, but she collected the rent for her flat and enough ready money to keep her until her wayward boy's sentence had expired.

Rural Free Delivery of Mails — By Perry S. Heath

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AMONG the agencies which are changing the habits and broadening the horizon of the American people the extension of the free delivery of mails to rural communities is most prominent. The far-reaching effects of this great change in postal administration as an aid to the moral, intellectual and material advancement of those brought within its influences are not yet fully appreciated, though with every extension of the system its benefits become more clearly demonstrated. It is obvious, at a glance, that there must be something behind a movement which has caused Congress, without solicitation from the Post-Office Department, to increase the appropriation for its development, within four years, from $50,000 in 1897, to $150,000 in 1898, then to $450,000 in 1899, and now to $1,750,000 for the fiscal year 1900–1901. Yet, outside of the rural neighborhoods where the service has been put into effect—that is to say, in the large cities, where the free delivery of mails, now ranging from three and four to as many as seven deliveries a day, has been accepted for twenty years or more as a matter of course, without any one giving thought to the question whether all the other people in our part of the Western hemisphere were similarly favored—there are probably few who clearly understand what Rural Free Delivery is, and what it means to the country farmer, who has it now for the first time, and who, after six months' trial, would be willing almost to mortgage house and lands to secure its continuance, should such an extreme course be necessary.

At the risk, perhaps, of repeating facts which have become matters of official record, but which necessarily have been presented heretofore in a somewhat disjointed form, I will endeavor to explain what Rural Free Delivery is.

The Principles of Free Rural Delivery

Rural Free Delivery, established on the basic principles which led to its successful test, is a service which starts from a small post-office in the heart of a district devoted exclusively to agricultural pursuits—where wheat, corn, cotton and sugar are grown, where cattle are raised and creameries flourish, where fruits and vegetables are cultivated to supply the needs of the larger towns, and where the people live miles from a railroad or a post-office, and labor from dawn to dusk, with little opportunity for social intercourse or amusement, with no magazines or other current literature to break the monotony of the long winter evenings, and no chance to keep track of the stirring events of their own and other countries by perusal of the daily newspaper.

In the inauguration of a rural service, preference is given to a post-office of the second or third class, where the postmaster receives a salary for his services, and does not derive his compensation from his cancellations, as in the minor offices of the fourth class. In some instances, in great agricultural States, like Iowa, for example, where the farms run close up to the towns, rural service has been started from postal stations on the outskirts of a free delivery city; but these cases are the exception and not the rule. The rural carrier is chiefly sent into communities where no visible representative of the Government of the United States has heretofore been known. To the average farmer the army and navy of the United States are almost names only; he has never seen them or any part of them. He has no direct dealings with officers of customs or internal revenue, and does not want to have any. The courts of the United States are held in the big cities, and he never voluntarily attends them. Hence the daily visit of the rural carrier is to him a revelation of a new order of things. It brings him into actual touch with the Government, and causes him to feel that he is getting something back for the taxes he has so long and so willingly paid.

What Rural Delivery Saves the People

Before the establishment of Rural Free Delivery the residents of these isolated farmhouses had to go or send for their mails to the nearest village post-office, perhaps six miles or more away. In the busy season this cost loss of time and labor; in the inclement winter weather the journey was always inconvenient and sometimes impracticable. Consequently, they sent for their mails only at infrequent intervals, neglected their correspondence, became estranged from relatives and friends at a distance, subscribed to no daily newspapers, and lost interest in the doings of the outside world. Rural Free Delivery has given them a new interest in life.

The rural carrier provides his own vehicle—usually a buggy or light wagon—and has his horse or horses (two horses to be used alternate days are often necessary), and drives, on an average, from twenty to twenty-five miles a day, over a circuitous route, so arranged that he does not traverse the same road twice on the same day. He leaves the distributing office immediately after the arrival of the principal mail of the day, returning in time to turn in his collections for dispatch by the evening trains. He prepares a list of the heads of families on the line of his delivery. Each of these is required to put up a box by the roadside, mounted on a post, at such convenient height that the carrier can reach it to deposit his mail without alighting (as shown in the accompanying illustration). The carrier does not leave the main road nor enter dooryards to hand in his mails. The country for a mile or more on each side of his route is tributary to him. People living quite a distance back from the road which the carrier traverses find it much more convenient to come or send to meet him (knowing the time at which he passes daily), and thus to collect their mail, than to drive several miles to the village post-office on the off chance that there might be some mail there for them. If, taking advantage of the facilities which rural delivery affords, they subscribe for a daily newspaper and a weekly or monthly magazine, they know that there is something always awaiting them, and that each trip to the family letter box at the cross-roads corner will result in something of interest. Scenes like the one depicted of a Maryland farmer crossing lots to meet the rural carrier and receive his mail are of frequent occurrence.

The private boxes now in use by the patrons of Rural Free Delivery are of various makes and patterns, ranging in cost from seventy-five cents to four and five dollars each. In the absence of the asked-for authority from Congress to furnish a uniform rural letter box of approved design to be rented to patrons of rural delivery at a nominal yearly charge (which would be a great improvement over the present system, and would cast over all the mails deposited in rural letter boxes the unquestioned protection of the United States laws), the Department has not felt justified in requiring the adoption of any particular kind of box. It only insists that whatever receptacle is provided for the United States mails shall be decent and appropriate, and shall be of such a character as to be protected against the weather and against mischievous or malicious depredations. These letter boxes serve both for delivery and collection purposes. In some of the best models one end of the box is devoted to collections, and for this compartment the rural postman alone has the key. The other end is for delivery purposes, and the patron has the only key to that compartment. Should any one on a rural delivery route find himself without the necessary stamps to prepay the postage, all he has to do is to drop the money in his box with the letter, and the carrier is authorized to affix the requisite stamps.

At designated points along the route, at cross roads, schoolhouses, much-frequented country stores, or points near which village post-offices, superseded by Rural Free Delivery, have been discontinued, United States mail collection boxes, such as are used in cities, are placed for the deposit of mails only, and collections from these boxes are made by the carriers on their rounds, the letters being delivered for cancellation to the post-office from which the rural delivery starts.

Each rural postman carries with him for sale a supply of stamps, stamped envelopes and postal cards. He is authorized to receipt for money orders and to receive and deliver registered letters, proper forms of receipt being provided. He is practically a traveling post-office, and is under bond to the Government for the faithful performance of his duties.

Straightening Out the Tangle of the Service

The methods of installation of the service have been simplified and systematized as the service has increased. When experimental Rural Free Delivery was started on October 1, 1896, the Post-Office Department arbitrarily selected the localities where it should be applied, and in some instances imposed it upon communities which did not need it and did not desire it. It is now made a prerequisite that those who wish the service shall petition for it, presenting their petitions through their Representatives in Congress, and with their favorable indorsement. Each rural route, before it is ordered established, is carefully investigated by a special agent of Rural Free Delivery. He drives over the ground, prepares a map on which he carefully notes the number of residences which can be served (which must never be less than one hundred to each carrier), and distinctly outlines the route the carrier is to follow. A copy of this map is left with the postmaster, so that there shall be no excuse for applications, after service has been ordered, for trivial changes in the direction of the route to accommodate particular persons.

In the selection of carriers the agents are instructed to give favorable consideration to the recommendations of the Congressional Representatives of the States or Districts in which the service is sought, without regard to political affiliations. This being essentially a service for the people, it is thought proper to confide its local execution to men who have the confidence of those whom the people have chosen to represent them in Congress, as far as this can be done with proper regard to efficient postal administration. The rate of compensation paid to rural carriers does not necessitate their taking a preliminary civil service examination. They are appointed to serve during good behavior. Their pay, originally fixed at $300 per annum, was raised last year to $400, and will be further increased to $500 when the new appropriation goes into effect the first of July next.

In the early days of the experiment rural carriers were authorized to perform a number of outside services for their patrons in order thereby to increase their small pay. With the increased responsibilities thrown upon the carriers by the adaptation of the registration system to the rural service, and the consequent increase of direct pay allowed, the tendency is to curtail rather than enlarge these extraneous services, and to bring carriers in the rural service, as far as practicable, under the regulations which prevail in city free delivery cities. Some difficulty has been found in equalizing the rate of compensation according to the varying conditions which prevail in different States, because of the uncertain elements of horse hire and forage, which cost little in some parts of the country and are a source of heavy expense in others. This is one of many matters of detail which will adjust themselves as the service grows.

Great changes and improvements have been made in the last two years in the outfit of the carriers and in the routes

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Editor's Note—In the heading is shown a crowd of farmers as they were departing with their boxes for rural route at Attica, Indiana, May 12, 1900. Of the twenty farmers shown, six drove twenty-four miles on one of the busiest days of the year to get a box that cost them $2.50; eight drove eighteen miles, and the remainder twelve and fourteen miles. This delivery of boxes was made two days before the route opened, and over one hundred farmers took out and paid for the high-priced boxes during the day.

they traverse. In Alabama and Illinois the service was started, in 1896, on horseback because the roads were not passable for vehicles. In Virginia, the pioneer rural carrier had to take down fences and cross farms to make his daily trip over the route selected for him. There are no such irregularities now. Many of the rural carriers have provided themselves, or have had provided for them by popular subscription, specially built rural postal wagons, fitted with pigeonholes and other facilities for sorting their mails in transit. Numbers of them wear the regulation uniform of city carriers and are governed by similar regulations. In one district in Massachusetts, where the roads are exceptionally good the year round, the proposition was made by the people to introduce an automobile into the rural service. The rural carrier, however, in transmitting to the Department a sketch of a specially devised machine, adapted for rural purposes, to cost $850, suggested with much plausibility a doubt as to whether he would be able to meet the expenditure out of his $500 a year pay. Nevertheless, an automobile is being tested on another of the Massachusetts routes, and with considerable success.

The service which has demonstrated beyond cavil the possibility of extending Rural Free Delivery over all well-settled farming communities in the United States is now in operation in Carroll County, Maryland. It was established as an object lesson.

Those who favored the further extension of the Rural Free Delivery system were met by the contention that the service, if made general, would be so expensive as to swamp the postal revenues, and that if only partially applied it would give an unjust preference to some communities over others equally entitled to a share in the benefits of the delivery. Those who believed in the practicability of the service knew that the contention as to excessive cost was erroneous, but they were unable to prove it, because wherever Rural Free Delivery superseded the old service of village post-offices fed by star routes, the cost of the rural delivery was charged against the appropriation for that purpose, administered by the First Assistant Postmaster-General, and the saving of expense, through the discontinuance of other service, went to the credit of other funds, administered by the Fourth and Second Assistant Postmaster-Generals respectively.

It was felt that the only way to test the question was to take one entire county, cover it with Rural Free Delivery, discontinuing all other service, and then count the cost. This has been done in Carroll County, Maryland. On the twentieth of December last, in the middle of the winter, when the roads were at their worst, sixty-three minor post-offices and thirty-five star routes and star route messenger services were discontinued at one swoop in Carroll County, by a special order of Postmaster-General Smith, and Rural Free Delivery was substituted in their stead. The second-class post-office of Westminster was made the distributing point for the whole county. Four two-horse postal wagons, equipped as post-offices, started over routes which radiated north, south, east and west, and were intercepted and fed at designated points by thirty-nine rural carriers, some driving in buggies, some few performing their shorter journeys on foot.

Thus the whole country was covered and a free delivery was brought within easy reach of nearly every domicile. The cost of the new service for three months was found to be $4543. The cost of the service it superseded, for a corresponding period, was $2805. The increase of postal receipts directly resulting from the increased accommodation was $1501.75, thus leaving the net cost of the improved service for the quarter only $236, or less than $1000 a year for giving practically a house-to-house delivery, instead of compelling every farmer to be his own postman and send for his mails.

The Carroll County experiment served its purpose and served it well. It may not be necessary, it may not even be desirable, to repeat that experiment on so expansive a scale elsewhere. For every-day, practical purposes, the simpler method of establishing rural delivery by piecemeal, selecting such routes as seem to be best adapted for it, and leaving each carrier to provide his own conveyance, may be found better adapted to the wide dissemination of the service, and will require less cumbersome machinery to put it into effect, than the plan of taking up a whole county at once.

The rural carrier at Owosso, Michigan, handled last year over 113,000 pieces of mail in his delivery. Making due allowance for newspapers carried at pound rates, and for official documents sent under the franking privilege and paying no postage, a very reasonable estimate would be an average of one cent postage for each piece of mail handled. This implies a revenue to the Government of $1113. The cost of the service was just $400. The saving can be easily estimated.

No Question of the Permanency of the System

There can be no question now as to the permanency of the Rural Free Delivery service. The only wonder is that its necessity and practicability were not sooner discovered. It costs less per capita than free delivery did when first established in many of the smaller cities of the United States. The compensating returns in increased postal receipts and diminished expenditures in other branches of the service are more direct and immediate than any results which followed the initiation of city free delivery. Of course the new service produces heartburnings and complaints from the postmasters of the little offices interfered with by the better delivery. Some of them persuade their neighbors to sign protests to endeavor to convince their Representative in Congress that the entire underpinning of his political future will drop away if a particular village store is deprived of its post-office. But there have been very few instances where, after three months' trial of the new service, the people have asked for the restoration of the old system. Only three rural services have been permanently discontinued since the experiment was started, four years ago. One of the discontinued routes was a service started in 1896, over a roadless territory in Kentucky, where the people did not want it. Another simply accommodated visitors to a winter resort in Florida for four months and was useless the rest of the year. The third instance of discontinuance occurred in Virginia, where the fourth-class postmasters and the star-route contractors raised sufficient clamor to override the wishes of the rest of the people; and this remains the only case of its kind.

I think the future of Rural Free Delivery is bright with promise, not only for the farmers whom it directly benefits, but for the country at large. Wherever it has gone it has brought good roads. These, in fact, are made a prerequisite of the establishment of the service. It is causing a revolution almost as marked in its influence on the people as that of the establishment of the great trunk railroads across the continent. It is welding city and country together, and will in time turn the tide of emigration, which now sets in from the country into the cities, back from the overcrowded purlieus of the cities into the free air and wholesome vocations of the country. Of course, like all great changes, it removes old landmarks and disarranges long-established habits. There were sentimentalists who complained that the Pacific Railroads had exterminated the buffalo and driven the blanket Indians from their happy hunting grounds. But where the buffalo once roamed, descendants of the finest blooded cattle of Europe now graze in countless numbers, and where the buffalo grass once sprouted, waving fields of wheat now make Kansas, Minnesota and the Dakotas the granary of the world.

With well-built agricultural roads traversing every part of this great country, and the free delivery of the mails brought to nearly every farmer's home, I confidently believe that a social revolution will be effected the benefits of which will be felt for generations to come.

Farmer crossing lots to meet the rural carrier

"Dom Pedro," a volunteer rural carrier at Taylorsville, Maryland

Proceedings of the R. T. Club

By Harden Carruth, Secretary

THE regular monthly meeting of the New York Rapid Transit Club was called to order by President Golightly. Moved by Mr. Limberleg that the reading of the minutes of the last meeting be dispensed with. Seconded by Mr. Bandersnatch. Motion carried.

President Golightly then said: "It gives me great pleasure to see so many of our club present. It goes to show the great and growing interest felt in this city in the matter of saving precious seconds. That time is money and money everything else was never so fully recognized as it is to-day. I am pleased to report the formation of clubs similar in aim to ours in Chicago and Boston. A letter has even been received from a Washington man asking the best time made in this city by a business man in eating his luncheon. It was a great source of pride to me to report the record of a member of this club, Mr. Whitehead, of fifty-six seconds. I regret that Mr. Whitehead is not here to receive our congratulations, but he is unfortunately detained in the hospital. We have with us to-night, by the way, Mr. Ripper, of Connecticut, who at the proper time will explain the workings of the Ripper Pneumatic-Tube Pie Delivery Company, of the mechanical features of which he is the patentee. I am sorry to say, however, that there is a serious charge against a member of this club, Mr. Bluestreak. It is reported that Mr. Bluestreak missed an elevated train when by going up three steps at a time instead of two he might have caught it and saved one and a half minutes. A chance will now be given the member to clear himself of this grave charge."

Mr. Bluestreak arose, leaning heavily on his cane, and said: "There is, I hope, much to be said on my side. It is true I missed the train, but I ran over two men as I went on to the platform, knocking one of them down, which should count in my favor. I then stood up near the door during the entire trip, though, oddly enough, there were vacant seats. At the down-town station I jumped over the gate and dropped to the street and ran to my office faster than the very stringent rules of this club require, actually passing a Philadelphia man who had come down on the train I missed. I estimate that I did not lose over fifty seconds, after all."

It was voted that Mr. Bluestreak be exonerated, but with a warning.

At this point Mr. Ripper rose to beg the privilege of explaining his invention without further delay. Permission granted. Mr. Ripper then said:

"The Ripper Pneumatic-Tube Pie Delivery Company proposes to deliver a piece of pie to the desk of the business man by his simply pressing a button. This, in connection with the system of the Twenty-first Century Coffee Piping Company, whose taps are now found beside the desks of all progressive business men, will enable the user to avoid the shameless waste of time involved in going out for luncheon. With our system the business man touches a button and a piece of sterilized and chemically pure pie, in a triangular rubber receptacle, is instantly shot on to his desk."

Discussion of the Ripper system then followed. Mr. Trotalong criticised it adversely, but Mr. Goit said that, in his opinion, the pneumatic tube in this connection would bear looking into. President Golightly then announced a charge against Mr. Skedaddle, which was, that on account of an intervening truck he had stood on the curb and allowed a car to pass which he wished to take, instead of running around the truck.

Mr. Skedaddle took the floor and said: "I wish to state that my leg was extremely lame from jumping for a ferry-boat the day before and coming down on the deck. I feared that, in rushing around the truck or in leaping over it, I might be run down by an approaching fire-engine and perhaps lose a half hour of valuable time while unconscious. I was, besides, husbanding my strength for luncheon." Mr. Skedaddle's excuse was not accepted, and he was fined.

Resolutions of respect were then passed in memory of Mr. Tornado, who missed an elevated train last week and followed it two miles on foot only to fall between the ties and break his neck just as he reached the rear platform.

There being no further business before the meeting it was voted to adjourn, the President making the best time out of the hall. The janitor gathered up the forgotten hats and umbrellas and sent them to their respective owners.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

CAPTAIN F. W. DICKENS

Captain Dickens' Fulfilled Wish

With our big new navy some interesting experiments are being tried. Heretofore when a ship was not needed she was put out of commission, and it took several weeks or months to get her fit for duty when she was needed again. This year the Department put the two bulldogs of the navy, the twin battleships Indiana and Massachusetts, in reserve, anchoring them in a little stream that makes up back of the League Island Navy Yard below Philadelphia. In command of the Indiana was Captain F. W. Dickens, and in command of the Massachusetts was Captain Charles J. Train.

That particular vicinity, in the midst of stagnant pools, is not very inviting. A friend visiting Captain Dickens found him walking up and down the deck, and asked him how he liked his surroundings.

"I feel," he replied with a laugh, "as if I were anchored in a frog pond."

Then showing his visitor through the ship he made the remark that the Indiana was ready for service at a moment's notice, and he would gladly welcome the change of scene. Little did he think at that time that the call would come so soon, but in a few hours a telegram arrived from Washington, ordering both the Indiana and Massachusetts to prepare at once for their departure.

Forty hours after this order was given the two great ships, with their crews completed and with provisions for months of cruising, were on their way down the Delaware. All the delay was due to waiting for the men—the ships were all ready. In less than forty-eight hours more they had been at Newport News, had taken a thousand tons of coal each, and were speeding on their way to join the fleet at Newport.

It was the quickest work of the kind ever done in the history of our navy, and no better record has ever been made by the navy of any other nation.

How Three Oaks Became Famous

Three Oaks, Michigan, is not one of the largest places in this country, for its population is less than a thousand, but last month it was one of the centres of national interest. It was not the first time that the town figured prominently in the news of the day. Admiral Dewey sent to the National Monument Fund, the officers of which had in charge the erection of the memorial to the martyrs of the Maine, a Spanish brass cannon captured in the Philippines. The committee decided to award this gun to the town or village giving the most in proportion to population. On May 30, 1899, Three Oaks held a patriotic meeting, and within a week its population of 885 raised $1132.80, or $1.28 per capita, by long odds the largest proportionate gift of any city or village. In due time the cannon was received and a Dewey Cannon Park was laid out. On October 17, 1899, President McKinley delivered a speech in this park, and when the cannon was formally unveiled on the twenty-eighth of the past month the guest of honor was Miss Helen Miller Gould, of New York. There were excursions and special trains, and the population of Three Oaks was swelled into the thousands. These extraordinary results are largely due to the fact that Three Oaks has a personality of push and power in Edward K. Warren, the present Mayor. As a Vermont boy he went to Michigan and won success in Three Oaks. At present he is a manufacturer of prominence and a member of important leagues, and a promoter of church movements. He believes in villages and in strengthening and stimulating the small places, and it was his idea that led to the prominent part which Three Oaks is playing. All this publicity has been a great stimulus to the village and has not only quickened its local life but has benefited its interests by attracting attention to its live spirit.

MR. EDWARD K. WARREN

A Millennium in Massachusetts

The trustees of Wellesley College have released Miss Katharine Coman, Professor of History and Political Economy, from administrative duties and from responsibility for the Department of History in order that she may have time to give a course of instruction to the Wellesley girls on Public Finance. This course will treat of the economic functions of the State, and the problems of revenue and expenditure.

Miss Coman is from Ohio and is one of the best-known writers on historic and economic subjects. She expects excellent results from the new course. In explaining that there will be a course of lectures on business methods, giving the uninitiated instruction in the mysteries of paying and receiving money, she said: "The millennium when women shall know how to indorse a check may be at hand!"

The Enthusiasm of the Scotch

No people in this country are more loyal to their country and their race and all its traditions than the Scotchmen. Not long ago, after Miss Amy Murray had given a recitation of Scotch Songs at the Princeton Inn under the patronage of Mrs. Grover Cleveland, Mrs. Henry Van Dyke, Mrs. James McCosh, Mrs. Laurence Hutton and others, Laurence Hutton, the well-known writer, arose and said: "Let me interrupt you for a moment, Miss Murray. Before we say good-night to you and thank you for the great pleasure you have given us, may I ask for one other song—Will ye no' come back again?"—an old Jacobite song. Mr. Hutton is naturally an enthusiastic Scotchman. His home in Princeton, Rise o' Day, is named after his father's house in the East Neuk o' Fife. It was the first house touched by the morning sunlight in old Scotland. Similarly Mr. Hutton's house is nearest sunrise of all the houses in Princeton.

The President's Carnation

It is President McKinley's one fad to wear always a pink carnation in his buttonhole, and it is his custom to give it to the engineer of the locomotive behind which he travels.

When the President alights from his private coach at the station he walks up the platform until he reaches the huge machine. From the cab window leans the engineer, his sooty face beaming, hesitant, expectant. The President stops just an instant, that the action may not attract the slightest attention, and hands the pink flower into the grimy hands with a very low, "I sincerely thank you for your skill and my safety."

It is done as quietly as other men hand their newspapers up into the engine as they pass. No other public official or crowned head has this pretty custom.

The President's carnations grow in the White House conservatory and are Mrs. McKinley's chiefest pride. One is always laid by his dress suit for dinner and one by his frock coat in the morning. In strange cities his secretary attends to it, and in some hotels where the custom is known the proprietor expresses his "good-morning" and "good-night" by this flower sent to the Presidential suite. Now and then young women, knowing how the President treasures his carnation, have asked him for it, when he has been especially cordial in his praise of something they have done.

MISS AMY MURRAY

Mr. Choate's Rap at Mr. Depew

The Postmaster-General, Mr. Charles Emory Smith, has just had his portrait painted by William Chase. It is a Government order and the painting has been shipped to Paris to hang in the Post-Office Exhibit at the Exposition. It will be returned to the Buffalo Exposition and then hang with the other "obituaries"—as the Cabinet calls them—in a room at the Post-Office Department in Washington.

Mr. Smith has a serious face and Mr. Chase wanted him to smile. He told the Postmaster-General that he was the best model among all the public men he had painted, because of his absolute repose, but that he lost himself in thought.

This was an objection, and in order to meet it the artist, who is a diplomatist, resorted to a clever strategem.

He told Mr. Smith this story to make him smile. It was a rap at Senator Chauncey Depew by Mr. Joseph H. Choate, when the artist was dining with them.

Choate said that Depew's name was now a synonym for "talkativeness"; to prove which he recited a verse he made up on the spot:

"There once was a man in St. Louis,
In love with a sweet little Jewess;
She talked night and day
In so charming a way
That he called her his Chauncey Depewess."

"Don Carlos" Schieren, "The Buster"

Hon. Charles A. Schieren, once Mayor of Brooklyn, New York, was not only popular as a municipal executive, but is one of the leading merchants of New York. He has developed a large commerce between this country and Venezuela. His business attained such proportions that he built a huge storage house in Caracas, which was one of the chief commercial structures of the city.

To the easy-going Venezuelans it was a seven days' wonder. They compared it with the Pantheon, the Pyramids, St. Paul's Cathedral and other famous buildings, and lavished praise upon the builder.

Then the Venezuelan Government, not to be outdone, took the matter up and commemorated Mr. Schieren's services to the State by making him a member of the Order of Buste del Liberator. In his letters-patent he is called "Don Carlos," and his friends take pleasure in addressing him as "Don Carlos, the Buster." He enjoys the joke with them.

MISS KATHARINE COMAN

The EAGLE'S HEART

By Hamlin Garland

AUTHOR OF MAIN-TRAVELED ROADS, BOY LIFE ON THE PRAIRIE, ROSE OF DUTCHER'S COOLLY, ETC.

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EIGHTH CHAPTER—THE UPWARD TRAIL

ONCE across the Missouri the trail began to mount. "Here is the true buffalo country," thought Mose, as they came to the treeless hills of the Great Muddy Water. On these smooth buttes Indian sentinels had stood, morning and evening through a thousand years, to signal the movement of the wild herds, and from other distant hills columns of smoke by day, or the flare of signal fires at night, had warned the chieftains of the approach of enemies. Down these grassy gulches, around these sugar-loaf mesas, the giant brown cattle of the plains had crawled in long, dark, knobby lines. On the green bottoms they had mated and fed and fought in thousands, roaring like lions, their huge hoofs flinging the alkaline earth in showers above their heads, their tongues curling, their tails waving like banners.

Jake's wife

Mose was already deeply learned in all these dramas. All that he had ever heard or read of the wild country remained in his mind. He cared nothing about the towns or the fame of cities, but these deep-worn trails of shaggy beasts filled him with joy. Their histories were more to him than were the wars of Cyrus and Hannibal. He questioned all the men he met, and their wisdom became his.

Slowly the movers wound their way up the broad, sandy river which came from the wilder spaces of the West. The prairie was gone. The tiger-lilies, the sweet-Williams, the pinks, together with the luxuriant meadows and the bobolinks, were left behind. In their stead a limitless, upward shelving plain outspread, covered with a short, curly hair-like grass and certain sturdy, resinous plants supporting flowers of an unpleasant odor, sticky and weedy. Bristling cacti bulged from the sod; small Quaker-gray sparrows and larks were the only birds. In the swales blue-joint grew rank. The only trees were cottonwoods and cut-leaf willow, scattered scantily along the elbows in the river.

At last they came to the home of the prairie-dog and the antelope—the buffalo could not be far away! So wide was the earth, so all-embracing the sky, they seemed to blend at the horizon-line, and phantom lakes of water sprang into view, filling a swale in the sod—mystic and beautiful, only to vanish like cloud shadows.

The cattle country was soon at hand. Cowboys in sombreros and long-heeled boots, with kerchiefs knotted about their necks, careered on swift ponies in and out of the little towns or met the newcomers on the river road. They rode in a fashion new to Mose, with toes pointed straight down, the weight of their bodies a little on one side. They skimmed the ground like swallows, forcing their ponies mercilessly. Their saddles were very heavy, with high pommels and leather-covered stirrups, and Mose determined to have one of this sort at once. Some of them carried rifles under their legs in long holsters.

Realizing that these were the real "cow-punchers," the youth studied their outfits as keenly as a country girl scrutinizes the new gown of a visiting city cousin. He changed his manner of riding (which was more nearly that of the cavalry) to theirs. He slung a red kerchief around his neck, and bought a pair of "chaps," a sort of fringed leather leggins. He had been wearing his pistol at his side; he now slewed it around to his hip. He purchased, also, a pair of high-heeled boots and a "rope" (no one called it a "lariat"), and began to acquire the technicalities of the range. A horse that reared and leaped to fling its rider was said to "pitch." Any firearm was a "gun," and any bull, steer or heifer, a "cow." In a few days all these distinctions had been mastered, and only the closest observer was able to "cut out" Mose as a "tenderfoot."

Pratt was bound for his brother's ranch on the Big Sandy River, and so pushed on steadily, although it was evident that he was not looked upon with favor. The cattlemen eyed his small outfit with contempt and suspicion. He came under the head of a "nester," or "truck farmer," who was likely to fence in the river somewhere and homestead some land. He was another menace to the range, and was to be discouraged. The mutter of war was soon heard.

One day a couple of whiskey-heated cowboys rode furiously up behind Mose and called out:

"Where in —— ye think ye're goin', you —— cow-milker?"

Mose was angry on the instant and sullenly said, "None of your business."

After threatening to blow his liver into bits they rode on and repeated their question to Pratt, who significantly replied: "I'm a-goin' to the mouth o' the Cannon Ball ef I don't miss of it. Any objection?"

"You bet we have, you ruta-baga. You better keep out o' here; the climate's purty severe."

Pratt smiled grimly. "I'm usen to that, boys," he replied, and the cowboys rode on, cursing him for a fool.

At last, late in July, the mouth of the Cannon Ball was reached. One afternoon they cut across a peninsular body of high land and came in sight of a wide green flat (between two sluggish, percolating streams) whereon a cluster of gray log buildings stood.

"I reckon that's Jake's," said Pratt as they halted to let the horses breathe. A minute, zigzag line of deep green disclosed the course of the Cannon Ball, deep sunk in the gravelly soil as it came down to join the Big Sandy. All about stood domed and pyramidal and hawk-headed buttes. On the river bank huge old cottonwoods, worn and leaning, offered the only shadow in a land flooded with vehement, devouring light. The long journey was at an end.

Daniel raised a peculiar halloo, which brought a horseman hurrying out to meet him. The brother had not forgotten their boyish signal. He rode up swiftly and slid from his horse without speaking.

Jake resembled his brother in appearance, but his face was sterner and his eyes keener. He had been made a bold, determined man by the pressure of harsher circumstances. He shook his brother by the hand in self-contained fashion.

"Wal, Dan'l, I'm right glad you got h'yer safe. I reckon this is Miss Jinnie—she's a right hearty girl, ain't she? Mrs. Pratt, I'm heartily glad to see ye. This yer little man must be the titman. What's your name, sonny?"

"Dan. H. Pratt," piped the boy.

"Ah—hah! Wal, sir, I reckon you'll make a right smart of a cowboy yet. What's this?" he said, turning to Mose. "This ain't no son-in-law, I reckon!"

At this question all laughed, Jennie most immoderately of all.

"Not yit, Uncle Jake."

Mose turned red, being much more embarrassed than Jennie. He was indeed enraged, for it hurt his pride to be counted a suitor of this ungainly and ignorant girl. Right there he resolved to flee at the first opportunity. Distressful days were at hand.

"You've been a long time gettin' here, Dan."

"Wal, we've had some bad luck. Mam was sick for a spell, and then we had to lay by an' airn a little money once in a while. I'm glad I'm here—'peared like we'd wear the hoofs off'n our stawk purty soon." Jake sobered down first. "Wal, now I reckon you best unhook right h'yer for a day or two till we get a minute to look around and see where we're at." So, clucking to the tired horses, the train entered upon its last half mile of a long journey.

Jake's wife, a sombre and very reticent woman, with a slender figure and a girlish head, met them at the door of the cabin. Her features were unusually small for a woman of her height, and, as she shook hands silently, Mose looked into her sad, dark eyes and liked her very much. She had no children; the two in which she had once taken a mother's joy slept in two little mounds on the hill just above the house. She seemed glad of the coming of her sister-in-law, though she did not stop to say so, but returned to the house to hurry supper.

After the meal was eaten the brothers lit their pipes and sauntered out to the stables, where they sat down for a long talk. Mose followed them silently and sat near to listen.

"Now, Dan'l," Jake began, "I'm mighty glad you've come and brought this yer young feller. We need ye both bad! It's like this"—he paused and looked around; "I don't want the wimern folks to hear," he explained. "Times is goin' to be lively here, shore. They's a big fight on 'twixt us truck farmers and the cattle ranchers. You see, the cattlemen has had the free range so long they naturally 'low they own it, and they have the nerve to tell us fellers to keep off. They explain smooth enough that they ain't got nawthin' agin me pussonally—you understand—only they 'low me settlin' h'yer will bring others, which is shore about right, fer h'yer you be, kit an' caboodle. Now you comin' in will set things a-whoopin', an' it ain't no Sunday-school picnic we're a-facin'. We're goin' to plant some o' these men before this is settled. The hull cattle business is built up on robbing the Government. I've said so, an' they're down on me already."

As Jake talked the night fell, and the boy's hair began to stir. A wolf was "yapping" on a swell, and a far-off heron was uttering his booming cry. Over the ridges, which cut sharply into the fleckless, dull-yellow sky, lay unknown lands out of which almost any variety of fierce marauder might ride. Surely this was the country of which he had read, where men could talk so glibly of murder and violent death.

"When I moved in here three years ago," continued Jake, "they met me and told me to get out. I told 'em I weren't takin' a back track that year. One night they rode down a-whoopin' and a-shoutin', and I natcherly poked my gun out'n the winder and handed out a few to 'em—an' they rode off. Next year quite a little squad o' truck farmers moved into the bend just below, an' we got together and talked it over and agreed to stand by. We planted two more o' them, and they got one on us. They control the courts, and so we have got to fight. They've got a judge that suits 'em now, and this year will be hot—it will, shore."

Dan'l Pratt smoked for a full minute before he said: "You didn't write nothin' of this, Jake."

Jake grinned. "I didn't want to disappoint you, Dan. I knew your heart was set on comin'."

"Wal, I didn't 'low fer to hunt up no furss," Dan slowly said, "but the feller that tramps on me is liable to sickness."

Jake chuckled. "I know that, Dan; but how about this young feller?"

"He's all right. He kin shoot like a circus feller, and I reckon he'll stay right by."

Mose, with big heart, said, "You bet I will."

"That's the talk. Well, now, let's go to bed. I've sent word to Jennison—he's our captain—and to-morrow we'll settle you on the mouth o' the creek, just above here. It's a monstrous fine piece o' ground; I know you'll like it."

Mose slept very little that night. He found himself holding his breath in order to be sure that the clamor of a coyote was not a cowboy signal of attack. There was something vastly convincing in Jake Pratt's quiet drawl as he set forth the cause for war.

Early the next morning, Jennison, the leader of the settlers, came riding into the yard. He was tall, grim-lipped and curt-spoken. He had been a Captain of Volunteers in the Union Army, and was plainly a man of inflexible purpose and resolution.

"How de do, gentlemen," he called pleasantly as he reined in his foaming broncho. "Nice day."

"Mighty purty. Light off, Cap'n, an' shake hands with my brother Dan'l."

Jennison dismounted calmly and easily, dropping the rein

Mose followed them silently and sat near to listen

over the head of his wild bronco, and after shaking hands all around said:

"Well, neighbor, I'm glad to see ye. Jake, your brother, has been savin' up a homestead for ye—and I reckon he's told you that a mighty purty fight goes with it. You see it's this way: The man that has the water has the grass, for fencing in the river here controls the grass. They can range the whole country; nobody else can touch 'em. Williams, of the Circle Bar, controls the river for twenty miles here, and has fenced it in. Of course he has no legal right to more than a section or two of it—all the rest is a steal—the V. T. outfit joins him on the West, and so on. They all stand to keep out settlement—any kind—and they'll make a fight on you. The thing for you to do is to move right in on the flat Jake has picked out for you, and meet all comers."

To this Pratt said: "'Pears to me, Captain, that I'd better see if I can't make some peaceabler arrangement."

"We've tried all peaceable means," replied Jennison impatiently. "The fact is, the whole cattle business as now constituted is a steal. It rests on a monopoly of Government land. It's got to go. Settlement is creeping in, and these big ranges which these 'cattle kings' have held must be free. There is a war due between the sheepmen and the cattlemen, too, and our lay is to side in with the sheepmen. They are mainly Mexicans, but their fight is our feast."

As day advanced men came riding in from the Cannon Ball and from far below on the Big Sandy, and under Jennison's leadership the wires of the Williams' fence were cut and Daniel Pratt moved to the creek flat just above his brother's ranch. Axes rang in the cottonwoods, and when darkness came the building of a rude, farmlike cabin went on by the light of big fires. Mose, in the thick of it, was a-quiver with excitement. The secrecy, the haste, the glory of flaring fires, the almost silent swarming of black figures, filled his heart to the brim with exultation. He was satisfied, rapt with it as if in the presence of heroic music.

But the stars paled before the dawn. The coyotes changed their barking to a solemn wail as though day came to rob them of some irredeemable joy, and then, tired, sleepy and grimy, the men sat down to breakfast. The deed had been done. Daniel had entered the lion's den.

"Now," said Jennison grimly, "we'll just camp down here in Jake's barn to sleep, and if you need any help let us know."

The Pratts continued their work and by noon a habitable shack was ready for Mrs. Pratt and the children. In the afternoon Mose and Daniel slept for a few hours while Jake kept watch. The day ended peacefully, but Jennison and one or two others remained to see the newcomer through a second night.

They sat around a fire not far from the cabin and talked quietly of the most exciting things. The question of Indian outbreaks came up and Jennison said: "We won't have any more trouble with the Indians. The Regulars has broken their backs. They can't do anything now but die."

"They hated to give up this land here," said a small, dark man. "I used to hear 'em talk it a whole lot. They made out a case."

"Hank lived with 'em four years," Jennison explained to Daniel Pratt.

"The Indians are a good deal better than we give 'em credit for bein'," said another man. "I lived next 'em and I never had no trouble."

Jennison said decisively: "Oh, I guess if you treat 'em right they treat you right. Ain't that their way, Hank?"

"Well, you see, it's like this," said the hairy little man; "they're kind o' suspicious nacherly of the white man—they can't understand what he says, and they don't get his drift always. They make mistakes that way, but they mean all right. Of course they have young plug-uglies amongst 'em jest the same as 'mongst any other c'munity, but the majority of 'em druther be peaceful with their neighbors. What makes 'em wildest is seein' the buffalo killed off. It's like you havin' your water-right cut off."

As the talk went on, Mose squatted there silently receiving instruction. His eyes burned through the dusk as he listened to the dark little man who spoke with a note of authority and decision in his voice. His words conveyed to Mose a conception of the Indian new to him. These "red devils" were people. In this man's talk they were husbands and fathers and sons and brothers. They loved these lands for which the cattlemen and sheepmen were now about to battle, and they had been dispossessed by the power of the United States Army, not by law and justice. A desire to know more of them, to see them in their homes, to understand their way of thinking, sprang up in the boy's brain.

He edged over close to the plainsman and whispered to him: "I want you to tell me more about the Indians."

The other man turned quickly and said: "Boy, they're my friends. In a show-down I'm on their side; my father was a half-breed."

The night passed quietly and the men went home, leaving the Pratts to meet the storm alone, but Jennison had a final word: "You send your boy to yon butte and wave a hat any time during the day and we'll come, side-arms ready. I'll keep an eye on the butte all day and come up and see you to-night. Don't let 'em get the drop on ye."

It was not until the third day that Williams, riding the line in person, came upon the new settler. He sat upon his horse and swore. His face was dark with passion, but after a few minutes' pause he drew rein and rode away.

"Another butter-maker," he said to his men as he slipped from the saddle at his own door, some ten miles up the river.

"Where?"

"Next to Pratt's. I reckon it's that brother o' his. They cut my wires and squatted on the Rosebud Flat."

He sat upon his horse and swore

"Give the word and we'll run 'em out," said one of his men. "Every son-of-a-gun of 'em."

Williams shook his head. "No, that won't do. We've got to go slow in rippin' these squatters out o' their holes. They anchor right down to the roots of the tree of life. I reckon we've got to let 'em creep in; we'll scare 'em all we can before they settle, but when they settle we've got to go around 'em. If the man was a stranger we might do something, but Jake Pratt don't bluff—besides, boys, I've got worse news for you."

"What's that?"

"A couple of Mexicans with five thousand sheep crossed Lizard Creek yesterday."

The boys leaped to their feet, variously crying out:

"Oh, come off! It can't be true."

"It is true—I saw 'em myself," insisted Williams.

"Well, that means war. Does the V. T. outfit know it?"

"I don't think so. We've got to stand together now, or we'll be overrun with sheep. The truck farmers are a small matter compared to these cursed greasers."

"I guess we'd better send word up the river, hadn't we?" asked his partner.

"Yes; we want to let the whole county know it."

Cheyenne County was an enormous expanse of hilly plain, if the two words may be used together. Low heights of sharp ascent, pyramid-shaped buttes and wide benches (cut here and there by small creek valleys) made up its surface, which, broadly considered, was only the vast, treeless, slowly-rising eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. At long distances, on the flat, sandy river, groups of squat and squalid ranch buildings huddled as if to escape the wind. For years it had been a superb range for cattle, and up till the coming of the first settlements on the Cannon Ball it had been parceled out among a few big firms, who cut Government timber, dug Government stone, and pastured on Government grass. When the wolves took a few ponies, the ranchers seized the opportunity to make furious outcry and bring in the Government troops to keep the Indians in awe, and so possessed the land in serenity. Nothing could be more perfect, more commodious.

But for several years before the coming of the Pratts certain other ominous events were taking place. Over the mountains from the West, or up the slope from New Mexico, enormous herds of small, greasy sheep began to appear. They were "walking" for better pasture, and where they went they destroyed the grasses and poisoned the ground with foul odors. Cattle and horses would not touch any grass which had been even touched by these ill-smelling, woolly creatures. There had been ill-feeling between sheepmen and cattlemen from the first, but as water became scarcer and the range more fully stocked, bitterness developed into hatred and warfare. Sheep herders were considered outcasts, and of no social account. To kill one was by some considered a kindness, for it ended the misery of a man who would go crazy watching the shifting, crawling maggots, anyway. It was bad enough to be a cow milker, but to be a sheep herder was living death.

These herds thickened from year to year. They followed the feed, were clipped once, sometimes twice, and then were headed back to winter in the South, dying in myriads on the way—only to reappear, augmented in numbers, the succeeding year. They were worthless as mutton, and at first were never shipped, but as the flocks were graded up, the best were culled and sent to Eastern markets. They menaced the cattlemen in the West and South, while the rancher made slow but inexorable advance on the East. As the cattleman came to understand this his face grew dark and sullen, but thus far no herd had entered the Big Sandy Range, though Williams had feared their coming and was ready to do battle.

At the precise time that Daniel Pratt was entering Cheyenne County from the East, a Mexican sheepman was moving toward the Cannon Ball from the Southwest, walking behind five thousand sheep, leaving a dusty, bare and stinking trail behind him. Williams' report drew the attention of the cattlemen, and the Pratts were for the time forgotten.

A few days after Daniel's assault on the fences of the big ranch, a conference of cattlemen met and appointed a committee to wait upon the owner of the approaching flock of sheep. The Pratts heard of this, and, for reasons of their own, determined to be present. Mose, eager to see the outcome of these exciting movements, accompanied the Pratts on their ride over the hills.

They found the man and his herders encamped on the bank of a little stream in a smooth and beautiful valley. He had a covered wagon and a small tent, and a team of hobbled horses was feeding near. Before the farmers had time to cross the stream the cattlemen came in sight, riding rapidly, and the Pratts waited for them to come up. As they halted on the opposite bank of the stream the sheep owner came out of his tent, with a rifle in his arm, and advanced calmly to meet them.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he called pleasantly, but the slant of his chin was significant. He was a tall, thin man with a long beard. He wore an ordinary sombrero, with wide, stiff brim, a gray shirt and loose, gray trousers. At his belt, and significantly in front and buttoned down, hung two splendid revolvers. Aside from these weapons, he looked like a clergyman camping for the summer.

Hitching their horses to the stunted willow and cottonwood trees, the committee approached the tent, and Williams, of Circle Bar, became spokesman. "We have come," he said, "to make a statement. We are peaceably disposed, but would like to state our side of the case. The range into which you are walking your sheep is already overstocked with cattle and horses, and we are going to suffer, for you know very well cattle will not follow sheep. The coming of your flock is likely to bring others, and we can't stand it. We have come to ask you to keep off our range. We have been to big expense to build sheds and fences, and we can't afford to have sheep thrown in on us."

To this the sheepman made calm reply. He said: "Gentlemen, all that you have said is true, but it does not interest me. This land belongs as much to me as to you. By law you can hold only one quarter-section each by squatters' right. That right I shall respect, but no more. I shall drive my sheep anywhere on grounds not actually occupied by your feeding cattle. Neither you nor I have much more time to do this kind of thing. The small settler is coming westward. Until he comes I propose to have my share of Government grass."

The meeting grew stormy. Williams, of Circle Bar, counseled moderation. Others were for beginning war at once. "If this man is looking for trouble he can easily find it," one of them said.

The sheepman grimly replied: "I have the reputation in my country of taking care of myself." He drew a revolver and laid it affectionately in the hollow of his folded left arm. "I have two of these, and in a mix-up with me somebody generally gets hurt."

There was deadly serenity in the stranger's utterance, and the cowboys allowed themselves to be persuaded into peace measures, though some went so far as to handle guns also. They withdrew for a conference, and Jake said: "Stranger, we're with you in this fight; we're truck farmers at the mouth o' the Cannon Ball. My name is Pratt."

The sheepman smiled pleasantly. "Mighty glad to know you, Mr. Pratt. My name is Delmar."

"This is my brother Dan," said Jake, "and this is his herder."

When Mose took the small, firm hand of the sheepman and looked into his face he liked him, and the stranger returned his liking. "Your fight is mine, gentlemen," he said. "These cattlemen are holding back settlement for their own selfish purposes."

Williams, returning at this point, began speaking, but with effort and without looking at Delmar. "We don't want any fuss, so I want to make this proposition. You take the north side of the Cannon Ball above the main trail, and we'll keep the south side and all the grass up to the trail. That'll give you range enough for your herd and will save trouble. We've had all the trouble we want. I don't want any gun-work myself."

To this the stranger said, "Very well. I'll go look at the ground. If it will support my sheep I'll keep them on it. I claim to be a reasonable man also, and I've had troubles in my time, and now, with a family growing up on my hands, I'm just as anxious to live peaceable with my fellow-citizens as any man, but I want to say to you that I'm a mean man when you try to drive me."

Thereupon he shook hands with Williams and several others of the older men. After most of the cattlemen had ridden away, Jake said: "Well, now, we'll be glad to see you over at our shack at the mouth o' the Cannon Ball." He held out his hand and the sheepman shook it heartily. As he was saying good by the sheep owner's eyes dwelt keenly on Mose. "Youngster, you're a good ways from home and mother."

Mose blushed, as became a youth, and said, "I'm camping in my hat these days."

The sheepman smiled. "So am I, but I've got a wife and two daughters back in Santy Fay. Come and see me. I like your build. Well, gentlemen, just call on me at any time you need me. I'll see that my sheep don't trouble you."

"All right; you do the same," replied the Pratts.

"You fellows hold the winning hand," said Delmar; "the small rancher will sure wipe the sheepman out in time. I've got sense enough to see that. You can't fight the progress of events. Youngster, you belong to the winning side," he ended, turning to Mose, "but it's the unpopular side just now."

All this was epic business into which to plunge a boy of eighteen whose hot blood tingled with electric fire at sight of a weapon in the hands of roused and resolute men. He redoubled his revolver practice, and through Daniel's gossip, and especially through the boasting of Jennie, his aptness with the revolver soon became known to Delmar, who invited him to visit him for a trial of skill. "I used to shoot a little myself," he said.

Out of this friendly contest the youth emerged very humble. The old sheepman dazzled him with his cunning. He shot equally well from either hand. He could walk by a tree, wheel suddenly, and fire both revolvers over his shoulders, putting the two bullets within an inch of each other. "That's for use when a man is sneaking on to you from behind," he explained. "I've never used it but once, but it saved my life." He could fire two shots before Mose could get his pistol from his holster. "A gun is of no use, youngster, unless you can get it into action before the other man. Sling your holster in front and tie it down when you're going to war, and never let a man come to close quarters with you. The secret of success is to be just a half second ahead of the other man. It saves blood, too."

His hands were quick and sure as the rattlesnake's black, forked tongue. He seemed not to aim—he appeared to shoot from his fist rather than from the extended weapon, and when he had finished Mose said:

"I'm much obliged, Mr. Delmar; I see I don't know the a b c's—but you try me again in six months."

The sheepman smiled. "You've got the stuff in you, Mose. If you ever get in a serious place, and I'm in reaching distance, let me know and I'll open a way out for you. Meanwhile, I can make use of you as you are. I need another man. My Mexicans are no company for me. Come over and help me; I'll pay you well, and you can have the same fare that I eat myself. I get lonesome as the old boy."

Thus it came about that Mose, without realizing it, became that despised, forlorn thing, a sheep herder. He made a serious social mistake when he "lined up" with the truck farmers, the tenderfoot and the "granger" sheep herders and cut out a great gob of trouble for himself in Cheyenne County.

He admired Delmar most fervidly, and likes him. There was a quality in his speech which appealed to the eagle's heart in the boy. The Pratts no longer interested him; they had settled down into farmers. They had nothing for him to do but plow and dig roots, for which he had no love. He had not ridden into this wild and splendid country to bend his back over a spade. One day he accepted Delmar's offer and rode home to get his few little trinkets and say good by.

Another reason why he had accepted Delmar's offer lay in the growing ardency of Jennie's courtship. She made no effort to conceal her growing passion. She put herself in his way and laid hands on him with unblushing frankness. Her love-chatter wearied him beyond measure, and her speech, cruelly short and evasive, at last grew sullen as she lost her tomboy interests, and Mose avoided her studiously.

That night as he rode up Daniel was at the barn. Upon Mose's approach Daniel said:

"Pratt at once said I done right ye fer pull out. Mose, I done the best I could, considerin'. Ye know, I ought fer to pay ye the wages Delmar can afford, seein' trouble is comin', shore pop, and I'd hate to have ye killed on the wimmen's account. They ain't worth it, to think more of 'em than they do of me."

Jennie's eyes filled with tears when Mose told her of his

They sat around a fire by the wagon and told yarns of the most extravagant

decision. She looked very sad and wistful and more interesting than ever before in her life as she said good by.

"Well, Mose, I reckon you're gone fer good."

"Not so very far," he said, in generous wish to ease her over the parting.

"You'll come 'round once in a while, won't ye?"

"Why, sure! It's only twenty miles over to the camp."

"Come over Sundays an' we'll have pot pie and soda biscuits fer ye," she said with a feminine reliance on the power of food.

"All right," replied with a smile, and abruptly galloped away.

His heart was light with the freedom of his new condition. He considered himself a man now. His wages were definite, and no distinction was drawn between him and Delmar himself. Besides, the immense flock of sheep interested him greatly.

His duties were simple. By day he helped to guide the sheep gently to their feeding and in their search for water; by night he took his turn at guarding them from wolves. His sleep was broken often, even when not on guard. They were such timid folk, these sheep; their fears passed easily into destructive precipitance.

But the night watch had its joys. As the sunlight died out of the sky and the blazing stars filled the deep blue all about his head, the world grew mysterious and majestic, as well as menacing. The wolves clamored from the buttes which arose on all sides like domes of a sleeping city. Crickets cried in the grass, drowsily, and out of the dimness and dusk something vast, like a passion too great for words, fell upon the boy. He turned his face to the unknown West where wild creatures dwelt; there were the beings who knew neither books or towns or toil. There life was governed by the ways of the wind, the curve of the streams, the height of the trees, there—just over the edge of the plain—the mountains dwelt, waiting for him.

In his heart ached like that of a young eagle looking from his natal rock into the dim valley, miles below. At such times the youth knew he had not yet reached the land his heart yearned for. All this was only resting by the way.

At such times, too, in spite of all, he thought of Mary and of Jack, they alone crowned his attachments to the East. All else was valueless. To have had them with him in this land would have put his heart entirely at ease.

TO BE CONTINUED.

General King's Recruit

WHEN General (at that time Captain) Charles King was at the head of the Military Department of the University of Wisconsin he had great difficulty in getting the boys out for drill. He was a great stickler for discipline, but the boys would shirk and for one reason or another many of them succeeded in being excused from drill. This annoyed the Captain, who himself would recognize no excuse except physical disqualification.

In the middle of one of the terms a youth arrived at the institution who had had military training elsewhere, and all he wanted of it. In some way he succeeded in being excused, but turned out occasionally to watch the others. The Captain was the more ready to let him have his way in the matter because the corps was in pretty good shape by that time, and a new man would have meant a good deal of extra trouble. But one day the youth happened to be with a number of the University cadets in the Capitol Park, at Madison, and, all being in a somewhat happy frame of mind, he undertook to drill them. It was a burlesque drill, in which he imitated all the peculiarities of Captain King. He did it well, too. The voice, the manner, the quick snappy walk, the attention to detail, the method of reproof and correction, were capitally illustrated, although somewhat exaggerated.

And then Captain King came upon the scene. The new student had his back to him and failed to see him, but the Captain, after watching in silence for a minute, curtly ordered the youth to report to him that afternoon. But he was very affable and pleasant when the young man arrived.

"That was an excellent imitation," he said. "You must have been studying me."

"I've watched you a little, sir," was the deferential reply.

"But you didn't learn all that from watching me," persisted the Captain.

"Why, no, sir," faltered the youth. "I was a member of the —— Cadet Corps for two or three years."

"I remember it," said the Captain. "It took first prize at a competitive drill of which I was one of the judges. Were you with it at that time?"

"Yes, sir," answered the youth, and then he hastened to add: "You see, that's why I asked to be excused from drill."

"Oh," retorted the Captain sarcastically. "You think you ought to be excused from drill because you know how. I see. You're just the kind of a man I want. Report for drill to-morrow morning at eight o'clock." Then he added musingly, as the youth was leaving: "Yes, that was a very good imitation you gave, and I'm glad you gave it. I might have lost you otherwise."

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The Unexpectedness of Teddy

THE men who think that the election of New York's Governor to the Vice-Presidency will mean his political death are reckoning without their Roosevelt. Teddy is not ready to die, even politically, and he is the last man that a cautious undertaker should attempt to bury without his full consent; for he would undoubtedly spoil the scene at the grave and shock the mourners.

No; his obsequies are not yet in order. His coming into the campaign promises much for its liveliness, and his election would mean that the Vice-Presidency had become what it should be—an office of the first importance.

That the place has fallen into something like disrepute among our political leaders is largely due to the men who have been chosen to fill it and the method of their selection. Almost invariably, in these later years, it has been thrown to a second rate man, a member of a faction defeated in its attempt to dictate the greater nomination—a man oftener selected for his barrel than his brains. It has been a graveyard because, excepting an occasional incumbent, corpses have been sent to fill it

In Roosevelt the Republican party has a different proposition. He is young and aggressive, restless and ambitious, strong physically and mentally—the sort of man who moulds the office rather than is moulded by it; who finds an opportunity where one less determined would see an obstacle; a stepping stone where one less alert would see a barrier. If he is elected, the country may hear on and off during the next four years that he is politically dead, but those who are near the Vice-Presidential chair at the end of that time will witness a beautiful resurrection scene. The nearest that Roosevelt can come to political death is through defeat in this election. In the interests of clean sport and the greatest good of the country, it is to be hoped that the Democrats will nominate the strongest and brainiest young man in the party for second place on their ticket.

A wedding party should always be on a gold basis.

The Jolly Joker of the Nations

SAID Aristotle: "The ludicrous is but a phase of the ugly"; and whether the doughty old Greek critic was right or wrong in the sense and with the application he insisted upon we Americans may profitably pause between jokes to consider his statement. Certainly the ludicrous has interested us to a degree beyond what has ever been recorded, on that score, in the history of any other people. We like a good laugh—a guffaw preferably—and are not scrupulous as to how we come by it. American humor is excellent; but there is a wide difference between humor and that sense of fun which is tickled into vigorous activity by ludicrous drolleries and jocundities, such as we bandy in our daily conversation and sprinkle through our literature. We indulge in extremes of burlesque and caricature merely for the shock of the thing, and we have learned to laugh at any and every explosion of jocosity, no matter what may be its quality. And laughing, we thrive.

The history of American life, manners and literature, when carefully written, will show a curious growth from the sedateness of the Quaker, the grim solemnity of the Puritan, and the urbane dignity of the fighting cavalier, to the jocular irreverence of our present composite Americanism.

What we call "humor" is now the most distinct and prevailing element in American life. No matter how seriously we take things, we have fun as a sugar-coat for each dose. No matter how deep may be our convictions or how solemn our impressions touching matters of politics, morals or religion, we must let go a volley of irreverent wit calculated to make possible every ludicrous distortion of the subject during our discussion of it. Even in the pulpit this American trait asserts itself, until nowadays we frequently enjoy a hearty chuckle at church, which would have horrified our most hardened ancestors.

But is this growth of the ludicrous in our lives to be taken as a mere development of a phase of ugliness in any sense of the word? In fact, has not American life steadily grown in beauty and strength from the first? Along with our jocundity we have, it is true, cultivated the habit of grumbling and of worshiping the past. While we have been caricaturing and lampooning our contemporaries in high places we have apotheosized Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton and even Lincoln. Yet some of us remember when Lincoln and Morton and Seward and Grant had their turn with the fun-makers and were pilloried by the cartoonists. Hobson, the hero, was, in a month or two, joked into ridicule. And what is the effect of it all? Probably nothing could be a better clarifying agent than this very irreverent sincerity we call humor. Hero worship is well enough when it does not become, as it has in France, the whole of life. The military furor which has so long made the French people blind to the hollowness of mere epauletted assumption can never exist in a country where no human institution is exempt from the test of absolutely irreverent jocundity.

It does not lessen Admiral Dewey's greatness as a fighting sailor and heroic patriot to belittle his pretensions as a self-announced Presidential candidate. He is just as dear to us as the hero of Manila as he was before we began to have our jokes regarding his political ambition. But our appeal for a recognition of the ludicrous in this behalf means the stirring up of a mighty force charged with an element that shocks into wholesome activity the primitive common-sense of the people. Admiral Dewey may be, and he may not be, a proper candidate for the Presidential office. This is not to the point here. What is plain is that if he cannot easily rise above the tide of jocular criticism and show himself the better for it, he is not the man for our nation's political leader. Lincoln not only stemmed a tempest of ridicule, but he helped the pressure by telling amazingly forceful jokes at his own expense. He was, indeed, the greatest of all American jokers, as well as the greatest typical American, a fact not bad to remember during the blustery and tricksy campaign now blowing across the land.

While we are taking seriously, as becomes earnest citizens, the issues rightfully before us, we may safely joke out of countenance all calamity howlers and predicters of dire lesions to American liberty. We are good laughers, but we are sturdy fighters, and a nation of jolly hard hitters is not in the way of decline. —MAURICE THOMPSON.

The summer boarder is known by the complaints he makes.

Our Skulkers in Time of Peace

ALREADY we hear from the citizen who declares that he will not go to the trouble to vote for the next President of the United States. There is no use bothering one's self, he says. The bosses run everything and obey the behests of the trusts and if the trusts don't win free silver will ruin the country. He is sick of the whole business, and he shows his superiority by staying out of it. He is just too good to mix in the affairs of ordinary people. It is possible that one of his ancestors gave his life that the right to vote might be established, and it is quite certain that he is banking all he can in his social ambitions upon the genealogy of this decent member of his family. That he misses the great thing, of course, is due to the modern evolution which has lifted him beyond the sentiments and duties of a true man.

Of all the pusillanimous persons we have in this country, those who decry the ballot and boast of staying away from the polls are the worst. Caddish millionaires who expatriate themselves because they do not like republican institutions have at least the courage of their convictions. The little citizens who live under these institutions, receive the benefits of them, and owe their safety and prosperity to their existence, and yet brag that they will have nothing to do with the thing on which the whole fabric of the Republic is built, simply advertise their own lack of the primary principles of manhood and gratitude

There never was a time when the ballot of this country was so well guarded as to-day. There never was a time when a man's vote counted for as much as it does this year. It is the proudest privilege on earth. It is the power that makes every American a sovereign. Whether it be used for the right or for the wrong it is in itself a potency inculculable. Strange as it may seem, the safety of the ballot in these modern times is largely mechanical. It is easy to vote and safe to vote, and nobody but the voter and his Maker need ever know for whom the ballot was cast. In this campaign—particularly at the climax of the century—it should be the ambition of everybody who is eligible to the franchise to cast his vote in accordance with what he believes to be for the right and for the best interests of the greatest nation on earth

By all good and sound men the skulker is least esteemed. On the battlefield he is called a coward—and there have been many battlefields in order that the right to vote might be maintained. Not less important is the contest which is decided by ballots instead of bullets, and not less cowardly is the man who shirks his duty in peace than the one who hides or runs in war. In this year of all others there should be a full vote in every section of the land. More than a million young men who could not vote in 1896 can vote next November. Let every one of them do his duty!

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

If the campaign committees had their way there would not be much money left for the iniquitous trusts

The Weighty Discovery of Herr Snitzer

A SINGULAR discovery has lately been made by the eminent Herr Professor Snitzer, of the University of Berlin Like many other discoveries, it was made by accident. The Professor was stopping at a hotel in Naples where, on the floor above his room, there was also stopping a young lady of rather slight figure. One evening his room suddenly shook. Thinking that an earthquake had occurred he instantly rushed into the street. No one else had noticed any earthquake, and the Professor returned to his room, where he was a few moments later again startled by the same noise. The next day he learned that the sound had been made by the young lady while walking across her room without her shoes.

Thereupon the Professor made a series of experiments with a view to ascertaining the nature and cause of the increase of weight which, he felt sure, followed the removal of the female shoe. He began his experiments with his wife. That estimable lady weighed, when wearing shoes, only one hundred and forty pounds, and her tread was as light as that of the ordinary Alderney cow. He found that when she removed her shoes and walked across the floor the resulting jar seriously impaired the accuracy of the University telescope, which was situated in a building at a distance of three miles from the Professor's house He afterward made similar experiments with his seven daughters, and with his wife's sister. The net result of the experiments was to show that, simply by taking off her shoes, the average woman increases her weight a little more than three times—a fact for which he has as yet been able to find no satisfactory explanation He has proved that in his own case the removal of his shoes made no difference in his weight, and this he asserts is true of the vast majority of men. Indeed, if a man removes his shoes he can walk across a floor without making any perceptible noise—a fact the knowledge of which is of great use to burglars. Whereas, if a woman were to become a burglar, she would be compelled to wear her heaviest shoes in order to enter a house silently. —W. L. ALDEN

Home is where the heart is, and the summer girl is preparing to scatter.

The Power Behind the Throne

THE citizen who is patriotic and patient enough to have read the platforms of the two great political parties may think he will know, the day after election, exactly what will happen to the country in the ensuing four years. If, however, he thinks the politicians of the successful party, whichever it may be, will manage everything entirely to their own liking, he has failed to note the rapid growth of the influence which the business class exerts upon legislation. It has been the fashion to suppose that business men, as a class, take no interest in politics unless there are indications that the tariff is to be tinkered for good or bad, but in recent years Congressmen have learned that this is not true. In the good old times, when business men were outnumbered by lawyers and even by ministers, and a trip to Washington consumed a month of valuable time, the business class was obliged to submit to whatever the dominant party for the time being might do. Later there arose a sectional issue so grave that the business man had to stand by his section, politically.

But the old times are gone, the sectional question is dead, the South has acquired a business class of its own, which is increasing enormously in numbers, means and scope. Though comparatively few merchants, bankers, manufacturers, etc., of either section have changed their badges of party servitude, their interest in politics has become practical instead of sentimental. They, like other intelligent Americans, have been learning that what is for the special benefit of any section of the country is for the general interest of all, so they talk and act accordingly There have been several large business conventions in the past few months, and in each of them the resolutions defining desired legislation were passed unanimously, though not all the participants could have been of a single political party. They were refreshingly devoid, too, of the "straddles" peculiar to political resolutions; there were no "strings" to them, for business men generally mean exactly what they say; politicians do not. One of these conventions was that of the Southern Cotton Spinners' Association, yet the resolutions affecting national interests were what might have been expected of any gathering of representative business men of the North, East or West.

Politicians who wish to remain in office or to get into office will be quick to note this change in the signs of the times and to conduct themselves accordingly. Mere partisan talk may not diminish greatly in quantity, for there still are hosts of Americans, otherwise sensible and reputable, who seem to believe that elections and Presidents and Congresses exist principally for the purpose of holding parties together; such people will not think their standard bearers "sound" unless they hear from them frequently in the familiar old way. In Congress, however, the influence of the business class will put an end to the lunacy of dividing, according to party lines, on matters which are entirely devoid of political significance, so Congress itself may begin to resemble the level-headed business body which the founders of the Government intended it should be. —JOHN HABBERTON.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

LIEUT.-COL. R. S. S. BADEN POWELL

The New British Heroes in South Africa

Nothing brings new men to the front like War. In nearly every case in the conflict of nations and peoples the unknown have become the heroes. It was strongly so in our civil conflict. Most of the great men who began the fighting disappeared, and such geniuses as Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Stonewall Jackson, Jeb Stewart and Albert Sidney Johnston captured the laurel wreaths

In the war in South Africa history has repeated itself. Of course, an exception must be made for that very exceptional leader, General Roberts, who made better time to Pretoria than he did on his famous march to Kandahar, but this exception simply proves the rule. When the war began, Buller, Methuen and Gatacre and others were to rush it to a swift conclusion, but disaster followed disaster, and it was not until the new men scored victories over defeat that the tide was turned. Thus came into prominence such fighters as French, Baden-Powell, Pole-Carew, Kelly-Kenny, Ian Hamilton and others. It was Buller's boast that he would eat his Christmas dinner in Pretoria, but no soldier of recent years lost prestige so quickly. And next to Buller the greatest disappointment was Kitchener, the hero of the Soudan

The Only General Not Beaten

General J. P. D. French, before the war broke out, had no great position in the army. He was an Irishman, born in 1852, who began life in the navy and afterward entered the army. The only fighting he had ever seen was in the Nile expedition of fifteen years ago, and he had no prominence whatever in the military records of his country. Among a few, however, his qualities were appreciated, and to him Lord Roberts entrusted the work of the cavalry in the advance on Pretoria. The magnificent manner in which French performed his duty made Lord Roberts' plans possible and his success certain, and led to the prompt action of the Queen, who promoted him to be Major-General, whereas previous to that time he had only ranked as a Colonel, with the local rank of Lieutenant-General. He won the first British victory ten days after the war began by routing the Boers from Elandslaagte.

When Lord Roberts began to push his forces northward his first object was the relief of Kimberley. He ordered General French to clear the country in front, giving him a vast area to cover and outlining work that seemed next to impossible. But French was equal to every emergency. Through heat and through dust, through storm and through flood he pushed his way unfalteringly. The turning point of the whole war was when French started on his forced march for Kimberley on the twelfth of February. No such celerity under such conditions was ever known in any foreign service. So rapid was his progress that when the middle of February, within eight miles of Kimberley, his advance column heliographed: "This is General French coming to the relief of Kimberley," the garrison was so incredulous that it believed the message to be a Boer ruse. A few hours afterward, when French, at the head of the column, entered the town, the people, who had been living on horse-flesh and sleeping under heaps of mine refuse, went almost mad with joy.

It was this brilliant achievement that led to French's promotion, but his great work did not stop there. All the way to Pretoria French led the procession. It was he who did wonderful things in covering miles and scattering the enemy, and when Lord Roberts sent his famous telegram announcing his success on June 4, General French and his column were actually north of Pretoria. He had made a wide sweep around the west and with all the distance he had covered was still leading the English forces. He is another illustration of the well-known fact that the best English fighters and soldiers are Irishmen. Of all the British Generals in command of independent forces he was the only one who was never beaten in the South African campaign.

The Long Sieges of the Conflict

There were four important sieges during the war, those of Ladysmith, Kimberley, Mafeking and Wepener. Of the first three mentioned will always be historic. For one hundred and twenty-two days the people of Ladysmith were locked out from the world. Before the siege was over the drug-land run out and there was practically no milk. Five hundred people died. The rations got down to one and a quarter cents a day with an occasional four ounces of sporting meat. It was at Ladysmith that eighty horses were boiled into soup which was served to the people.

At Kimberley the rations were a bit better and one curious fact was that the people did not suffer from actual hunger until the relief party entered the city; then the soup kitchens were closed, and the ordinary bread and meat rations had to be lessened in order to take care of the soldiers. How it came about that the day's food for the average person was only a six-inch cube of bread and ten ounces of meat. Of all the sieges that of Mafeking was the longest and the most dramatic. It lasted two hundred and sixteen days. Toward the end of it a pound of flour brought ten dollars. The people—those who survived—were kept alive largely on horse flesh. Men and women existed on this diet through all the terrible days, and yet the testimony seems to be unanimous that nobody ever complained.

The Hero of Mafeking

"Recreations: Pig sticking, polo, big game, shooting, hunting, yachting, stage managing, acting, singing, painting and etching."

This is a part of the biography of General Robert Stevenson Smyth Baden-Powell, the man who carried Mafeking through the siege, and who, next to General French, is the most interesting British hero of the war. He is forty-three and he has written six successful books on sports and campaigns. He is the son of a clergyman.

When the defense of Mafeking—a little burg in the open stretches on the railroad, eight miles from the Transvaal border—was under consideration, Baden-Powell was selected for the task. His force of defenders was cut one-half by bullets and disease; but never for an instant did he give up hope. He would walk along the streets as calmly as if in London, and when not directing the firing, he would sketch and write on his typewriter. At night he would go outside the village and reconnoitre. He arranged a telephonic system, and at each of the outposts a telescope kept constant watch on the Boer outposts and guns.

His fortifications had not been finished and he needed an hour or so in order to complete them. He sent a trooper with a white flag to proceed slowly in the direction of the Boer line. Commander Cronje concluded that Mafeking must surrender, and the Boer guns ceased firing. Finally, after a long waiting, the trooper delivered the following message:

> "Colonel Baden-Powell, the commandant at Mafeking, presents his compliments and begs to inform Commandant Cronje that if another shot is fired on the town he will be compelled to regard the act *as a declaration of war*."

Before the trooper returned Baden-Powell had finished his fortifications.

MAJ.-GEN. J. P. D. FRENCH

Other Men Who Won Promotions

When the war broke out Major-General Thomas Kelly Kenny was Inspector-General of auxiliary forces and recruiting. He is sixty years old. He had served in China and Abyssinia. The greater part of his life, however, had been spent in administrative work, but he showed a splendid aptitude for his profession when he was placed in command of the Sixth Division. It was he who chased General Cronje.

Pole-Carew is another of the English officers who have won high honors. In each case the honors have come to these men for doing more than their duty in a shorter time than was expected, and Lord Roberts has very justly given them the full credit for their work.

The Boer Leaders and Their Work

It will be some time before we shall get the details about the leaders of the Boer Army, but we already know that their heroism and their fighting spirit and their military genius have deserved the admiration of the world. They sustained a great loss in the death of General Joubert, whose eminence as a soldier and whose worth as a man were recognized not only by the great generals of the world but by the Queen of England, who sent to his widow a remarkable and touching message of condolence. General Cronje fought splendidly to the last, and when he surrendered to General Roberts the English commander congratulated him cordially and manfully upon his courage. He was escorted to St. Helena with all the honors that could be shown to a captured foe. The men in command of the Boers have accomplished wonderful things considering the odds against them, and young Botha, scarcely out of his teens, has exhibited military talents of the highest order. When peace is restored we shall have from the right sources the true accounts of the work and splendid bravery of these men.

In the meanwhile the problem of reorganizing and reestablishing civil government in South Africa is attracting more attention than the last days of the war, and one interesting fact about it is that the enterprising railroad and land agents of the United States have gone to the Transvaal in the hope of persuading the Boers to immigrate to the United States and find established on this side of the world the liberty and independence for which they gave their all in one of the bravest wars in history. But it is likely that the Boer love of home will keep them in Africa.

MAJ.-GEN. POLE-CAREW

MAJ.-GEN. KELLY-KENNY C.B.

Condensed Novels

By Bret Harte

Stories Three

By R-DY- -D K-PL- -G

III—For Simla Reasons

SOME people say that improbable things don't necessarily happen in India—but these people never find improbabilities anywhere. This sounds clever, but you will at once perceive that it really means the opposite of what I intended to say. So we'll drop it. What I am trying to tell you is that after Sparkley had that affair with Miss Millikens a singular change came over him. He grew abstracted and solitary—holding dark séances with himself—which was odd, as everybody knew he never cared a rap for the Millikens girl. It was even said he was off his head—which is rhyme. But his reason was undoubtedly affected, for he had been heard to mutter incoherently at the Club, and, strangest of all, to answer questions *that were never asked!* This was so awkward in that Branch of the Civil Department of which he was a high official—where the rule was exactly the reverse—that he was presently invalided on full pay! Then he disappeared. Clever people said it was because the Department was afraid he had still much to answer for; stupid people simply envied him.

Mrs. Awksby, who, [illegible] was now wild to know the reason of Sparkley's retirement. She attacked Heaven and Earth and even went a step higher—to the Viceroy. At the vice-regal ball I saw, behind the curtains of a window, her rolling violet-blue eyes with a singular glitter in them. It was the reflection of the Viceroy's star, although the rest of His Excellency was hidden in the curtain. I heard him saying, "Come now! really, *now*, you are!—you know you are!" in reply to her cooing questioning. Then she made a dash at me and captured me.

"What did you hear?"

"Nothing I should not have heard."

"Don't be like all the other men—you silly boy!" she answered. "I was only trying to find out something *about* Sparkley. And I will find it out, too," she said, clinching her thin little hand. "And what's more," she added, turning on me suddenly, "*you* shall help me!"

"I?" I said in surprise.

"Don't pretend!" she said pettingly. "You're too clever to believe he's cut up over the Millikens. No—it's something awful or—another woman! Now, if I knew as much of India as you do—and wasn't a woman, and could go where I liked—I'd go to Bungloore and find him."

"Oh! You have his address?" I said.

"Certainly! What did you expect I was behind the curtain with the Viceroy for?" she said, opening her violet eyes innocently. "It's Bungloore—First Turning to the Right—At the End of the Passage."

Bungloore—near Ghouli Pass—in the Jungle! I knew the place—a spot of dank pestilence and mystery. "You never could have gone there," I said.

"You do not know *what* I could do for a *friend*," she said sweetly, veiling her eyes in demure significance.

"Oh, come off the roof!" I said bluntly.

She could be obedient when it was necessary. She came off. Not without her revenge. "Try to remember you are not at school with the Stalkies," she said, and turned away.

I went to Bungloore, not on her account—but *my* own. If you don't know India, you won't know Bungloore. It's all that and more. An egg dropped by a vulture, set upon and addled by the Department. But I knew the house and walked boldly in. A lion walked out of one door as I came in at another. We did this two or three times—and found it amusing. A large cobra in the hall rose up, bowed as I passed, and respectfully removed his hood.

I found the poor old Boy at the End of the Passage. It might have been the passage between Calais and Dover—he looked so green, so limp and dejected. I affected not to notice it, and threw myself in a chair.

He gazed at me for a moment and then said, "Did you hear what the chair was saying?"

It was an ordinary bamboo armchair and had creaked after the usual fashion of bamboo chairs. I said so.

He cast his eyes to the ceiling. "He calls [illegible]." No matter, I continued aloud, "it's remark was not of a complimentary nature. It's very difficult to get really polite furniture."

The man was evidently stark, staring mad. I still affected not to observe it, and asked him if that was why he left Simla.

"There were Simla reasons, certainly," he replied. "But you think I came here for solitude! *Solitude!*" he repeated with a laugh. "Why, I hold daily conversations with any blessed thing in this house, from the veranda to the chimney-stack—with any stick of furniture, from the foot stool to the towel horse. I get more out of it than the gabble at the Club. You look surprised! Listen! I took this thing up in my leisure hours in the Department. I had read much about the conversation of animals. I argued that if animals conversed, why shouldn't inanimate things communicate with each other? You cannot prove that animals don't converse—neither can you prove that inanimate objects *do not*. See?"

I was thunderstruck with the force of his [illegible].

"[illegible]," he continued, "there are degrees of intelligence, and that makes it difficult. For instance, a mahogany table would not talk like a rush bottomed kitchen chair." He stopped suddenly, listened, and replied, "I really couldn't say."

"I didn't speak," I said.

"I know *you* didn't. But your chair asked me 'how long that fool was going to stay.' I replied as you heard. Pray don't move—I intend to change that chair for one more accustomed to polite society. To continue: I perfected myself in the language, and it was awfully jolly at first. Whenever I went by train, I heard not only all the Engines said, but what every blessed carriage thought, that joined in the conversation. If you chaps only knew what rot those whistles can get off! And as for the brakes, they can beat any mule driver in cursing. Then, after a time, it got rather monotonous—and I took a short sea trip for my health. But, by Jove, every blessed inch of the whole ship—from the screw to the bowsprit—had something to say, and the bad language used by the Garboard Strake when the ship rolled was something too awful! You don't happen to know what the Garboard Strake is, do you?"

"No," I replied.

"No more do I. That's the dreadful thing about it. You've got to listen to chaps that you don't know. Why, coming home on my bicycle the other day there was an awful row between some infernal "sprocket" and the "ball bearings" of the machine, and I never knew before there were such things in the whole concern."

I thought I had got at his secret, and said carelessly: "Then I suppose this was the reason why you broke off your engagement with Miss Millikens."

"Not at all," he said coolly. "Nothing to do with it. That is quite another affair. It's a very queer story; would you like to hear it?"

"By all means." I took out my notebook.

"You remember that night of the Amateur Theatricals, got up by the White Hussars, when the lights suddenly went out all over the house?"

"Yes," I replied, "I heard about it.

"Well, I had gone down there that evening with the determination of proposing to Mary Millikens the first chance that offered. She sat just in front of me, her sister Jane next, and her mother—smart Widow Millikens—who was a bit barky on her own account, you remember—the next on the bench. When the lights went out and the panic and tittering began I saw my chance. I leaned forward, and in a voice that would just reach Mary's ear I said, 'I have long [illegible] bound up with you, dear, and I never, never can be happy without you'—when just then there was a mighty big shove down my bench from the fellows beyond me who were trying to get out. But I held on like grim death and struggled back again into position, and went on: 'You'll forgive my taking a chance like this, but I felt I could no longer conceal my love for you,' when I'm blest if there wasn't another shove, and though I'd got hold of her little hand and had a kind of squeeze in return, I was drifted away again and had to fight my way back. But I managed to finish and said, 'If the devotion of a lifetime will atone for this hurried avowal of my love for you, let me hope for a response'—and just then the infernal lights were turned on, and there I was holding the widow's hand and she nestling on my shoulder, and the two girls in hysterics on the other side. You see, I never knew that they were shoved down on their bench every time, just as I was, and of course when I got back to where I was I'd just skipped one of them each time! Yes, sir! I had made that proposal in *three* sections—a part to each girl, winding up with the mother! No explanation was possible, and I left Simla next day. Naturally, it wasn't a thing they could talk about, either!

"Then you think Mrs. Awksby had nothing to do with it?" I said.

"Nothing—absolutely nothing. By the way, if you see that lady, you might tell her that I have possession of that brocade easy chair which used to stand in the corner of her boudoir. You remember it—faded white and yellow, with one of the casters off and a little frayed at the back, but rather soft spoken and amiable? But of course you don't understand *that*. I bought it after she moved into her new bungalow.

"But why should I tell her that?" I asked in wonder.

"Nothing—except that I find it very amusing with its reminiscences of the company she used to entertain, and her confidences generally. Good by—take care of the lion in the hall. He always couches on the left for a spring. Ta! Ta!"

I hurried away. When I returned to Simla I told Mrs. Awksby of my discoveries—and spoke of the armchair.

I fancied she colored slightly, but quickly recovered.

"Dear old Sparkley," she said sweetly, "he *was* a champion liar."

Editor's Note—This is the last of Stories Three Rudolph, the Resemblers and others of Mr. Harte's condensed novels will appear in early numbers of The Saturday Evening Post.

A Brief View of the War

THE war began officially at 5 P. M. October 11, 1899, the hour fixed by the Boers for the British to comply with their ultimatum. The next day the Boers captured an armored train and at once began their march on Kimberley and Mafeking. The first British victory was when the Boer position on Talana Hill was captured on October 20, and the first important gain was the success of General French in ejecting the Boers from Elandslaagte. Small actions continued daily until October 30, when the Boers captured two British battalions at Nicholson's Nek. General Buller arrived at Cape Town on October 31. The following day the Boers invaded Cape Colony. On November 2 Ladysmith was isolated and bombarded, and Colenso was evacuated by the British garrison. Naauwpoort and Stormberg were also evacuated by the British. On November 9 the Boers attacked Ladysmith, but were repulsed with a heavy loss. On November 15 the Boers wrecked an armored train and captured one hundred British troops. From November 23 to December 11 Methuen went from disaster to disaster, losing heavily in taking the Boer position at Magersfontein, in which action General Wauchope was killed. December 15 Buller made his advance on Tugela, and the result was tragic. The casualties of 1100 shocked and discouraged the whole British Empire. December 18 Lord Roberts was appointed Commander-in-Chief in South Africa, with Lord Kitchener as Chief of Staff. Before these two valiant soldiers reached South Africa the British won several small victories. General French forced the Boers from Colesberg. Lieutenant-Colonel Pilcher won a small victory at Sunnyside. The Boer attack on Ladysmith was withstood at a cost to the British of fourteen officers killed, twenty-seven wounded, one hundred and thirty-five men killed and two hundred and forty four wounded. Buller tried again to cross the Tugela. The Boers captured a part of his command. General Warren retreated from Spion Kop after terrible losses and the troops recrossed the Tugela. On February 5 Buller failed in his attempt to relieve Ladysmith. The turning point in the war was February 12 when General French started on his forced march for Kimberley, which he reached and relieved on February 15. On February 16 General Cronje was leading the Boer retreat, and was being pursued by General Kelly Kenny. Cronje's forces took their stand in the river bed near Raardsbery. By this time Lord Roberts had caught up with the fighting. On February 27 Cronje surrendered his forces, numbering 4080. The next day, February 28, Ladysmith was relieved.

The general forward movements were begun on March 4. Bloemfontein surrendered with little resistance. Other towns were easily taken. On May 17 the relief force entered Mafeking, which had stood the siege of two hundred and sixteen days. On the Queen's birthday Lord Roberts entered the Transvaal. Thence his march to Pretoria was marked by a few small fights, but by no important battles. On May 30 President Kruger fled from Pretoria, and on June 5 Lord Roberts and the British forces marched into the Boer capital.

The army that did this work was the largest Great Britain ever put in the field. Her forces numbered 213,000. There were 452 guns. The British casualties exceed 20,000. There are no reliable statistics from the Boers, but at best it is not thought that they had more than one-fifth as many troops in the field as the British.

Catching Butterflies *with the* Camera

By Clarence Moores Weed

The beautiful Hunter's butterfly

A fine exhibition model for great fly-ing the whims of the photographer

TO PARAPHRASE a famous saying in regard to hare stew: If you would catch butterflies with a camera you should first get your caterpillars. For though caterpillars are not butterflies, they are butterflies in the making, and they will show you most interesting stages in Nature's manufacture of these dainty and exquisite creatures. This, however, is not my chief reason for giving the advice. You doubtless desire to make perfect pictures; and a perfect picture of a butterfly should show color values and the details of structure—a result that is not to be obtained by the process of pressing the button. It is rather to be secured by a long exposure through a color screen and a small diaphragm opening, in a room where the light is not too bright

To make a picture under these conditions you must have a docile subject, and the butterfly afield is not a docile subject. You are fortunate if out of doors you get a snap shot in focus, and when you bring these day-fliers indoors they will be attracted to the window as certainly as their cousins, the night-fliers, are attracted by a light. Under such conditions sweets and flowers are unavailing to hold their attention; the sunshine in the window is always calling

But fortunately for the photographer there is one brief period in a butterfly's life when it is so docile that it will pose for five minutes at a time. This is the period, soon after it emerges from the chrysalis, when its wings are fully developed, but before they have hardened and become strong enough for flight. At this time the butterfly is perfect—every scale in its place, every spot of color at its best; like a bride arrayed for the wedding the beautiful creature is in the first flush of its perfection. And it will rest quietly upon a flower, a leaf or a twig while you adjust the camera and expose the plate

Many people think that for indoor photography a studio with light from above is necessary. But for still life—such as flowers and butterflies—light from a side window can be used to equal, if not greater, advantage. In such pictures you want roundness and detail rather than flatness and lack of detail. The side light will give roundness, the degree of shadow being easily regulated by white cardboard reflectors, and the long exposure will give the detail. In a room lighted by only one side window the accompanying pictures were taken through a bichromate of potash color screen and the smallest of diaphragm-openings. The exposure varied from three to five minutes, the plates being orthochromatic and slow or medium in sensitiveness.

The larger butterflies are among the most interesting subjects for the would-be photographer of insects. It is a comparatively easy matter to get a set of pictures representing the life-stages of one of these creatures, if you are willing to devote to it the necessary time and attention. Suppose you wish to illustrate the life history of the common Monarch butterfly—the glorious brown and black creature that so leisurely soars over fields and meadows in summer and autumn. In its early life it is the black and white caterpillar that feeds on the leaves of milkweed. These caterpillars are readily found—where you see a partially eaten milkweed leaf one is generally present—and may be transferred to glass jars or other vivaria. Or you may bring in the milkweed stem with the leaves attached and let the caterpillars continue to feed upon them. In

The Mourning Cloak is a particularly docile subject

this stage they are easy to photograph as they rest upon the milkweed leaves

If you get these caterpillars when they are nearly full-grown you will not have long to wait before they begin to prepare for the changes by means of which they are to become butterflies. Each will spin, upon the lower surface of a horizontal stem or leaf, a flat web of white silk in which it will entangle its hind legs. Then it will hang downward with the head end of its body curved upward while it gets ready to change to a pupa. After some hours of such suspension the skin along the back near the head will split open and the caterpillar will wriggle out of its covering; then its body will shorten and assume the form and color of the beautiful green chrysalis with golden spots and bands

In this quiet chrysalis the body contents are being transformed into the structure of a butterfly. You can see on one side where the miniature wings are being developed. In about two weeks the black markings of the butterfly will show through the skin of the chrysalis and the insect is ready to emerge from its shell. Watch it carefully and you will see the process. If you place the chrysalis in direct sunshine it is likely to hasten the appearance of the butterfly.

With apparent suddenness the lower part of the chrysalis skin will split open, and the shapeless insect will come forth, catching hold of the empty chrysalis-shell with its feet. The wings are now very short but as soon as the creature assumes a vertical position they begin to elongate, and continue to expand, generally for less than half an hour, until they attain their full size.

The butterfly is now likely to crawl from the chrysalis to some neighboring support, but it is very quiet and docile, and for the next half hour is in an excellent mood for gratifying the whims of the photographer. Though it cannot always be depended upon to remain three or four minutes in a given position, it will do so often enough for a high average of good pictures. But it will not hold its wings open for you, coax it as you may

After about an hour of such rest the butterfly is likely to begin moving its wings slowly opening and closing them to get the untried muscles ready for the act of flight. Then the light of the window will prove too attractive for longer quietude. After this you may get a few good pictures, but the best mood of your model has passed

There are many other butterflies that will lend themselves in a similar way to the uses of the photographer. The common Mourning Cloak, or Antiopa butterfly, is a particularly docile subject, as is also the beautiful Hunter's butterfly. With these, as well as with other species that hibernate as adults some attitudes will be held for a long time. This appears to be an instinctive trait, due probably to the fact that in hibernation they remain quiet for months.

The Camera at the Exposition

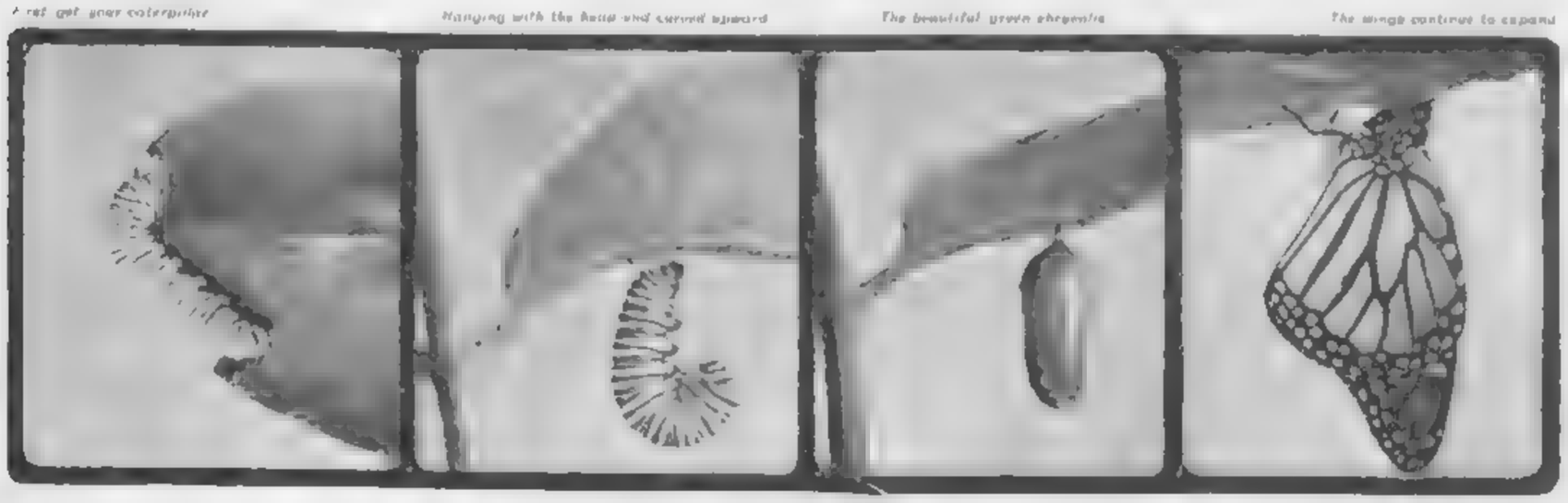
THE gloomiest man at the opening of the Exposition was a New York illustrator. He was carrying a camera almost as large as his brown sombrero.

"It was harder to get in here," he said, "than it would be to interview the Pope. They objected to my camera. Perhaps they thought it was an infernal machine of some sort. Well, after exsecrating the camera to show the police that there was no dynamite in it, they let me in—me and this latest American invention. I leveled it at President Loubet. The machine failed to do the rest. There are ten plates in there—all stuck. You couldn't get them out with a windlass."

As he turned away the artist said: "The next time I'll come out with a lead pencil."

It should be safer," was suggested.

"I might break off the point," said he.



Just got your caterpillar — Hanging with the head end curved upward — The beautiful green chrysalis — The wings continue to expand

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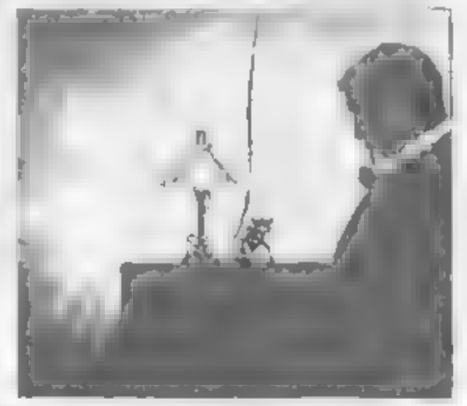

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The Niece of Talleyrand

By Clinton Ross

When the Duc D'Enghien met his death there suffered with him the Comte de Bertrand, who left as a legacy to his son and heir the revenge on the Prince Talleyrand, the Emperor's minister, whose falsity, the Count thought, had brought about his own and the Duke's sentence of death

Victor de Bertrand, otherwise a charming young gentleman, received this legacy as a precious duty. It entered into his mind, his heart, his soul, making him a fanatic. Only once did he forget it, and that was when he met at the château of Madame Firmain, in Touraine, a certain Mademoiselle Montfort, who knew him as a country gentleman of a powerful Royalist family. He won Françoise Montfort's promise. But then he remembered the legacy to take revenge on Talleyrand which his father had left.

This description will introduce the occurrences which took place at Prince Talleyrand's hôtel in Paris of an afternoon in 1813.

PRINCE TALLEYRAND'S old and privileged butler was detailing to Philippe, the new valet, the course of his duties about the Prince. They were in the Prince's study, and the desk littered with papers showed that this was the room where the great politician thought over some of those designs so important to the Emperor Napoleon and which were not unconnected with the return of the legitimate monarchy.

"You must know, Philippe," said the old butler with an air of consequence, "that this post near His Highness is the most important in France. I won't even except the positions in the Imperial household. For if the Emperor has overturned Europe, has he not behind him the Prince, who patches up the wounds his battles make? You appreciate your position in such a household?"

"Yes, Monsieur," said Philippe.

"You must have no ears to hear a word that's uttered here, nor a tongue to blab it."

"Monsieur has appeared satisfied with my recommendations," Philippe remarked.

"Yea, yea," said Joseph. "And I have means in my power to find out. I learn that you are bookish, have no associates, keep your own counsel. I learn that before I inquire how you can fold a coat or tie a cravat. Then I am a close student of countenances."

The two passed out, and presently Talleyrand entered, a little wearily. At the same moment a lackey announced his niece, Mademoiselle de Perigord.

"What can my little grandniece want of me?" the Prince asked. "Show her here."

Mademoiselle came in hastily, her face flushed, her eyes sparkling.

"Ah, how pretty you are! I wish I were younger and somebody else than your uncle."

"Evidently," the young lady retorted, "for you have plotted somebody else's happiness."

Talleyrand took a gold snuff-box from a table and smiled benignantly.

"I, my dear niece! Rather the Emperor, who desires an alliance with us Perigords."

"You are odious," the girl retorted spiritedly.

"Really!"

"To please the Emperor you intend to sacrifice me to one of the *parvenus* this detestable adventurer has made."

"They say you make your wish the Emperor's."

"'They say.' You, indeed, are going to quote gossip in an argument—and you—of my blood!"

Mademoiselle watched him keenly, and then said, almost meekly:

"Forgive me for saying you were odious." A sob escaped her. "I am so miserable—to be so juggled with!"

"Of course," said Talleyrand. "Nothing creates so much misery as a fancy thwarted."

He seemed to be thinking deeply of something, and then suddenly he turned, with that in his face which made Mademoiselle a little afraid.

"You may call again in an hour. I will think you over."

Mademoiselle bowed and went out dejectedly. The Prince, watching her go out, muttered, "So much a Talleyrand—like their women—loving foolishly and not overcoldly."

He was interrupted by Joseph's entrance with the new valet.

"This is Philippe, Monseigneur."

"Oh, yes. You may go, Joseph."

After Joseph had gone, the Prince gave the valet a careful scrutiny.

"Well, my man, your face is not that of a servant. It has too much breeding."

Philippe suddenly sprang, first to one door, then to the other, turning the locks before the Prince could utter a sound.

"No, Prince, I am no valet. I have bought the true Philippe's name and character."

Talleyrand surprised him by taking out the gold snuff box.

"Hum, hum," he said with a drawl. "what kind of a dramatic madman have I here? Joseph for once appears to have failed me."

"Not a madman—'Abbé,' 'Prince'—what you will—but simply a private executioner."

"It may be the Emperor can explain," Talleyrand said with a sly glance over the gold snuff box.

"You may have explanation from an order you wrote nine years ago for the execution of the Duc D'Enghien and the Comte de Bertrand. Ah, do not start. The Minister Savary has told me so much."

"And you—I thought I knew the features—are the son, Victor de Bertrand."

"Yes, he."

"Savary!" Talleyrand exclaimed as if soliloquizing. "Of course it's for the interest of the great Bonaparte and his little police minister to put the burden of those executions on me."

He turned suddenly to De Bertrand.

"Now, Monsieur, I will tell you privately—not a breath of it—while the Emperor is a great man, he was badly brought up there in Corsica. And pardon me, Monsieur, may I offer you snuff?"

De Bertrand [illegible] with surprise, his arms folded like a judge's.

"You choose an ill time for a jest."

The Prince's manner and voice took on a sudden dignity.

"Be seated, Comte de Bertrand—let me at least play the host for the little time you suffer me to live."

Involuntarily De Bertrand took a chair, yet knowing that probably the Prince was juggling for delay.

"You are interesting," Talleyrand declared slowly. "Nine years you have carried this notion of revenge with you—since you were a boy of sixteen, say. Truly you are a man, not only of resource, but of the most patient perseverance."

"It cannot be pleasant contemplation for you, Abbé Talleyrand."

"Pardon me," said Talleyrand with a smile. "I dropped that title long ago, finding I was not born priest-like."

"They say," De Bertrand continued, "that you had an unfrocked relish for pleasure."

"I am sure I never had my vices," the Prince retorted with a smile.

De Bertrand went on impatiently:

"It's right you should know your crimes before your execution."

"'Tis the tradition of justice," said the Prince with that enigmatical smile. "Go on, Monsieur."

You served Louis XVI to betray him. You in turn caused Mirabeau [illegible] when you thought his political star waning. Because his was rising you sided with Bonaparte. But you made a blunder—the worst of crimes in politics—you killed the Due D'Enghien and the Comte de Bertrand. And for what have you sold your soul?—money."

Talleyrand interrupted.

"The easiest way to gain men is pur-[illegible]."

"You are doing well to make a confessor of me."

"A confessor, eh?" said the Prince, rising. "A confessor?" He faced his visitor with a certain impressive grandeur. For once the mask was thrust aside, and De Bertrand could see that this intriguer was speaking sincerely.

"Listen, Comte de Bertrand. I don't fear you—not I. I have been threatened too often to be afraid. And I will tell you what no other has heard from my lips. You force it from me. Yes, I serve but one master, and that my own self interest. Now, believe or not—my self interest has been not to make Louis XVI, nor the Republic, nor Bonaparte great—but France. Who would believe me? Do you, Monsieur? It's the fashion to say, 'That infamous Talleyrand.'"

He paused, and went on even more earnestly.

"When, years hence, men shall be no longer passionate over matters then dead and gone, and they shall mention 'France' of this time, they will say not 'Napoleon,' nor any Bourbon, but 'Talleyrand.' Now listen—another government is passing. Napoleon's day is almost over."

He stopped abruptly; the suave mask slipped over his face.

"'Pon my honor, Monsieur—if you will grant me any honor—'twas Napoleon, not Talleyrand, who killed your father."

"You lie, I think."

"Lie! Why should I when you I can't persuade are about to kill me?"

"You lie—grasping at a straw."

"Why should I, pray, when my life is not in danger?"

Then his voice rang out.

"Joseph!"

The tapestry was pushed aside, revealing Joseph, the butler, with two stout fellows in an entrance that the tapestry had hidden.

"Your new valet is a clumsy fellow Joseph; I have had enough of him." He paused. "Yet I will have one word more. Go back into the passage."

As the tapestry fell into its place, the Prince continued:

"You appear discountenanced, Monsieur. Don't, I pray you. You have carried your point well, but, you see, you had to do with a politician. My agents knew all about you. I let you go so far—because—well—I admired your perseverance. I wanted to talk with you."

The young man cried out:

"Yes, I'm a fox with the hounds on!"

"Oh, I'll call the hounds off. You are free to go. You have but to unlock the door that admitted you."

"What plot is this?" cried De Bertrand in his agitation.

Talleyrand leaned toward him and in a voice almost a whisper said:

"A plot to secure the interest of the Royalist, Comte de Bertrand."

"For what?"

"For the restoration of the king."

"You—you aspire to restore the king?"

"I will."

"And now you can have *me* killed?"

"Of course," said the Prince, as if with no concern; and then his voice again fell earnest.

"Monsieur, I believe you lodge at 70 Rue Choiseul. My messenger will bring you there two papers—Napoleon's letter to me

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and his signature to your father's and the Duke's death warrants."

"Forgeries."

"I don't value my whim to that extent," commented the Prince contemptuously. "Besides, why should I forge for you, whom I can cast into prison—whose voice I can silence forever?"

"True; I apologize, Prince."

"Ah," said Talleyrand, "I believe I have persuaded you. We politicians need honest men sometimes, and perhaps my belief is correct. I may have persuaded the Comte de Bertrand that Talleyrand is on his side—that I will bring a Bourbon king to Paris."

Victor, after a moment:

"Prince, I can read the occurrences of this day in no other way."

Talleyrand laughed, fingering the gold snuff-box.

"Count, have some snuff; and don't you say that I have been indiscreet with you, because no one would believe it. Ah, Joseph!"

Joseph responded immediately by pushing the tapestry aside over the hidden door and entering.

"Take this clumsy fellow away. He knows more of politics than of the folding of a coat, and the razors he would sharpen would be for my throat. Eh, what's that?"

For there was a knock at the main door.

"I, Uncle; the hour's up," came Mademoiselle's voice.

De Bertrand, hearing, exclaimed:

"Who's that?"

"Oh, but my niece, Monsieur. Unlock the door, Joseph, and let her in."

"Back, eh?" he said, as Mademoiselle entered. "I have devoted the full hour to your matters—to nothing else."

But Mademoiselle's eyes were on De Bertrand, and his on her.

"Victor!" she exclaimed.

"Françoise!"

"You know her?" demanded Talleyrand.

"It's been my fortune," De Bertrand replied.

"And mine as well," said Françoise, her eyes downcast. And then, defiantly, she looked up.

"You would marry me to another; I think not."

"Oh, I see how the wind blows," said Talleyrand.

"And you, Françoise, are his niece?"

"Grandniece, Victor. Can you forgive me, dear? Will you understand? When I went to Madame Firmaini's I was tired with being always known as a great man's niece. With Madame's consent, I became Mademoiselle Montfort. Can you forgive me, dear?"

"Dear, eh?" said the Prince. "Where's my consent?"

"I care not, Uncle, for I love him."

"And he wanted to kill me," said Talleyrand.

"But he didn't know you were my great-uncle," said Françoise positively.

"Oh, didn't he? But there's the Emperor's intention about you."

"But you sway him," Mademoiselle retorted.

De Bertrand interrupted:

"I'm appearing detestable. I came to kill you. You pardon me and give me freedom. Now you find I have been making love to your grandniece. And, Prince—I am changed. I swear to you that I believe, on the evidence of your conduct this afternoon, that you no more caused the death of the Duke and my father than I yours."

"That's enough, M. le Comte — quite enough. Françoise, you shall have him."

"I knew it, Uncle," said Mademoiselle demurely.

"I owe you, Prince, everything," De Bertrand interrupted.

"Tut, tut; I've my purpose. Now go, both of you. I've some other business."

But first Mademoiselle kissed him.

When they had gone, Talleyrand muttered to himself:

"Not an ill-spent afternoon. I have turned a powerful enemy of the Bourbon kind—that I now need—into a staunch friend."

Such was the character of that remarkable politician, Prince Talleyrand—who was often a statesman; he ever put away resentment and vanity for an end's sake.

The Olden Time

By John L. Shroy

THE olden time of long ago!
When skies were clear and blue,
And hearts were young and light, you know,
And yet so good and true;
When "yes" was "yes," and "no" was "no,"
And tears were rare and few,

Our world was hedged by bounding hill,
Beyond we could not see.
We did not have the thoughtful skill
To solve the mystery
Of distant place, nor yet the will
To care if such could be.

For us alone arose the sun;
For us the moon at night
Came stealing up when day was done,
With disk of frozen light.
And when their courses these had run,
They just dropped out of sight.

The singing birds from Southland came,
But that was "off somewhere."
The howling winds that none can tame
Rushed in from "over there."
And flying snow—God made the same
From bits of cloud and air.

The long ago, now lost to view,
The time of love and song,
When days were all of life we knew,
With nights a minute long,
We dreamed of things we meant to do—
Has life proved dreaming wrong?

But first Mademoiselle kissed him

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Tales of the Credit Man

By H. N. Higinbotham

REWARDS, SATISFACTIONS AND HUMORS OF THE CREDIT DESK

TO SHOW for his year's work a very small percentage of loss on a large volume of business is, of course, the most substantial satisfaction that comes to the credit man. There is no escaping the argument presented by figures of this kind. They prove by incontrovertible evidence that the work of the credit man has been discharged with sound conservatism and also in the broad and progressive spirit of real commercial courage.

While it is true that a shrinkage in the total volume of business transacted might not in the least reflect upon the discernment of the credit man, it is equally certain that the manner in which the credits are handled is likely to affect the total of business done. If general conditions were favorable to a good trade and still the sales were not what they should have been, I should be inclined to ask if the credit man were not over-timid and conservative; and the smaller the percentage of loss shown the more would I be disposed to feel that at least a portion of the shrinkage might be due to a policy of contraction and fearfulness in making credits.

Extreme severity and ultra conservatism in the credit department are likely to drive away customers, and, for this reason, the work of a credit man is not to be judged wholly on the percentage of loss, but the volume of business transacted must also be taken into consideration. There is, however, no chance to challenge the ability of the credit man when both the percentage of loss and the volume of sales are satisfactory.

A Fair Average of Yearly Loss

As to what constitutes a low percentage of loss there may be a considerable difference of opinion. If the house loses only one-fifth of one per cent. of its entire business the credit man is no doubt to be congratulated, but if he has kept the losses down to one-tenth of one per cent. and the total of sales has been of normal magnitude he is fairly entitled to feel that he has earned the thanks and substantial appreciation of his house. One per cent., or greater, of loss is decidedly bad, and there should be uneasiness in the credit department when, in ordinary times, this figure is reached.

There are, however, other satisfactions than those arising from the proofs that the business of the credit department has been conducted on a safe, conservative and progressive basis. Opportunities to give help of the most practical kind are constantly presented to the credit man. It is a universally recognized principle of ethics that he bestows the best charity who helps a man to help himself. But he must indeed be generously endowed with the spirit of helpfulness who carries this kind of work beyond the lines which his own interests would suggest, for he will often look for appreciation and fail to find it. On the other hand, he sometimes meets with the heartiest gratitude. One of the most curious and amusing examples of this unexpected appreciation is never recalled by those concerned in the episode without a smile. The confidential relationship which the credit man often sustains toward his customers is also clearly illustrated.

The Story of a Solitary Bride

One day a comely woman from a lively country town in Illinois presented herself at the credit desk and informed us that she wished to buy a complete stock of goods for a new store. This announcement was the introduction to a very entertaining confession which began with the statement that she had been married only three days and was on her wedding journey. After she had been interrupted with congratulations, she proceeded to the second chapter of her narrative with the surprising declaration that the bridegroom had been compelled to tarry at home and that she was under the necessity of enjoying the wedding tour for both of them. Then the solitary bride entered into a detailed account of all the circumstances which had conspired to bring about this condition of affairs. She had been the proprietor of the village millinery shop and had received the attentions of a young farmer, whose father was one of the wealthiest members of that community.

The young man, however, had no disposition to follow the calling of farmer, but proposed to move into town and become the leading merchant of the village. Not until he had won the hand of the milliner did he succeed in securing from his father the promise that the latter would furnish the capital for his business start. It was evident that the farmer had greater confidence in the young woman's talent for trade than in that of his son, and only felt warranted in backing the mercantile enterprise when he knew that the taste and tact of the village milliner, together with her general business ability, would always be at the command of the new firm, and that the partnership was reasonably sure to be a permanent one.

At this stage of developments all that seemed necessary was to set the day for the marriage and await its happy arrival, for the father had pledged that, as soon as the ceremony was performed, he would give them a purse containing money enough to buy a complete stock for the store. Naturally, they planned to spend their honeymoon in Chicago and at the same time make a practical start by selecting their stock of goods.

The Episode of the Irascible Father-in-Law

Very gallantly the young farmer asked his betrothed to "set the day," and she performed this task without any particular reference to agricultural conditions. Her choice was a date in the midst of harvesting, and when her selection was brought to the notice of her prospective father-in-law, the old farmer at once "hitched up" and drove to the village millinery shop, where he informed its mistress, in unmistakable terms, that the date must be changed. In vain did his future daughter-in-law protest that she could not change the day, inasmuch as the invitations had already been issued, and a wedding invitation was a thing beyond the possibility of amendment or recall. The farmer's only reply was that he didn't propose to let any woman take his son from the farm for the busiest week in harvest, and that if such a program was insisted upon he would not furnish a cent of the money he had promised for stocking the store.

After tears, entreaties and all the arts of feminine diplomacy had been exhausted to no purpose, the milliner at last had an inspiration which pointed a way out of her unhappy predicament. She proposed that George should be left at home to do his full share of work in the harvest field if the wedding might be had on the appointed day and the promised money be forthcoming according to the original agreement. To this the whimsical old farmer gave his immediate consent and the compromise was carried out according to the letter of the agreement. The young woman closed her narrative with the laughing declaration:

"And now I'm here, all alone by myself, on my wedding tour, and I propose to make the best of it and have just as cheerful a time as circumstances will permit. I am sorry for George, back there at home, but it can't be helped, and there's no use crying over spilled milk. I'll buy my goods as well as I can and as quickly as possible, and enjoy myself while I am doing it." She requested that we detail some person to advise her who knew the kind and quantity of goods which should be bought.

The Sequel to the Return of the Bride

A young man of pleasant manners and excellent judgment was asked to perform this responsible duty, and incidentally to make the stay of the solitary bride as pleasant as possible. After the day had been spent in selecting goods she was asked if she would care to join a theatre party, to be arranged by the young man who had been detailed to advise her in the selection of her stock. She was delighted at this proposal and immediately accepted it, frankly confessing that she had never witnessed a theatrical performance by a metropolitan company. An opera company was then in the city, and the performance which it gave that evening was witnessed by one auditor whose enthusiasm knew no bounds.

At the end of the week, when her task of buying was finished, and she had been the recipient of many respectful attentions on the

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of papers by Mr. Higinbotham begun in The Saturday Evening Post of June 23.

The Saturday Evening Post

In Next Week's Issue

Thomas B. Reed

Writes of the French Chamber of Deputies and how it does business. This is the second of Mr. Reed's notable papers on the great parliaments of the world.

Morley Roberts

Has a strong story, entitled The Crew of the Kamma Funder — a humorous tale of the adventures of a party of shipwrecked scientists.

Major James B. Pond

For many years a close acquaintance of Sir Henry M. Stanley, gives his personal recollections of the great explorer.

W. A. Gardner

The General Manager of the C. & N. W. R. R., contributes an able paper on The Making of a Railway Man, written from the standpoint of the railway telegrapher.

Paul Laurence Dunbar

Tells how Brother Parker Fell from Grace. A deliciously humorous story of plantation life before the war.

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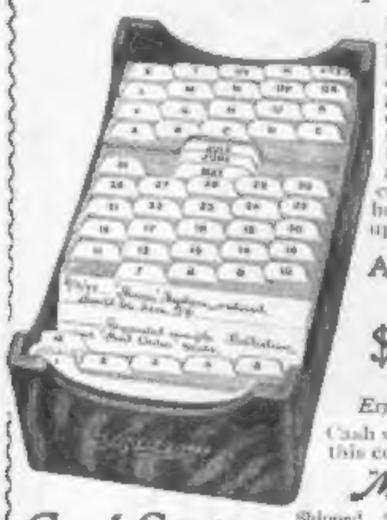

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part of the young man under whose care and protection she had been placed by the house, she turned her face toward the little country village and the bridegroom who was eagerly waiting for her to terminate her solitary wedding journey. Several weeks later, after the harvesting was over, the village milliner again appeared at the store, but this time in company with her husband, who had come for the purpose of expressing his appreciation of the attentions which had made the solitary honeymoon of his wife not only tolerable but absolutely delightful. It was evident that she had artlessly given him a glowing description of the pleasures with which her stay in the city had been enlivened, and he had shown the good sense to appreciate instead of resent the provisions which had been made for her comfort and entertainment. It was a case of somewhat unexpected appreciation and also of unfailing loyalty, for the young country merchant remained a constant and valued patron of the house.

The Collapse of the Clark Street Man

As a rule, the experiences of a credit desk are commonplace and humdrum, but occasionally a startling episode will break this monotony with a touch of the romantic, perhaps of the sensational. The most picturesque and exciting experience associated with thirty years' service at the credit desk hangs upon a faculty for retaining the memory of a face. Though the ability to remember and correctly associate faces is certainly capable of cultivation, it must be largely a natural gift. The exercise of this faculty has afforded me, from boyhood, an unfailing source of entertainment and has been a constant and valuable aid.

One of my earliest duties in connection with the credit department was to make regular weekly visits to the store of a certain Clark Street firm to collect a small sum. Sometimes the amount of my collection reached as high as one hundred dollars, but more frequently it was fifty dollars, or twenty-five dollars. The money was always handed me by the same man, a member of the firm, and consequently I became very familiar with his face. One day I was told that I need not make my customary trip as the house had gone to the wall, and its proprietors had left for parts unknown with all the ready cash they could raise.

About twelve years later a venerable countryman came to my desk, said that his name was Smith, and that he had a store in Trenton, Missouri. The object of his call was to establish a line of credit and make a substantial addition to his stock of goods. He furnished references and went through the usual interview in the quiet but composed manner of a country merchant who has confidence in the outcome of his examination at the credit desk. After his references had been investigated he again made his appearance, and my second view of him confirmed the suspicion which had come to me. Looking him squarely in the face I said in quiet tones: "Your name is not Smith; it is Jacob Blank. You ran away from Clark Street twelve years ago." Instantly the face of the man turned ashen, his legs began to shake under him, and before any of us could reach him he fell to the floor in a state of absolute collapse. Although his indebtedness had been more than outlawed, the shock of being so suddenly confronted with his guilt and deception utterly unnerved him. The episode was stirring and dramatic, and made a strong impression upon all who witnessed it.

Although the credit man is naturally held to be worldly-wise and keen in the detection of fraud, his reputation does not protect him from numerous opportunities to demonstrate his ability in scenting a bold and cunning confidence game. It might be supposed that a sharper would be careful to avoid the very class of men whose daily work is to read character, to sift the truth from plausible but misleading statements and to detect commercial dishonesty of every sort; but the fraternity of confidence men is no respecter of persons, and, perhaps, the very fact that the credit man is held to be more difficult to deceive than the ordinary individual makes the attempt to catch him more alluring.

How a Clever Fraud Just Missed Fire

One of the boldest and cleverest experiments in this line that has come under my personal observation was as follows: A plain, substantial-appearing man, quite the type of the stalwart, pushing merchant of the far West, came to the desk and stated that he was buying a stock of goods for a store which he was about to open in Albuquerque, New Mexico. He was going to pay cash, so he informed us, for all he bought, but wished to establish a line of credit for the future. Shortly after he had begun buying he had us cash a draft for fifty dollars, drawn by a bank in Atchison, Kansas, on a New York bank. The paper was immediately banked and went through all right. When his buying was finished his bill amounted to $3000 and he presented a draft identical with that which had been cashed for him several days previous, with the exception that it was drawn for $13,000. While he was waiting at my desk for the money the cashier telegraphed the New York bank on which the exchange was drawn, to know if it were good. Immediately the answer came back that it was not.

When the customer was informed of the message he appeared just about as badly shaken up as a country merchant would have been under the circumstances. Without a moment's hesitation he asked for pen and paper and wrote a letter to the Atchison bank, demanding an immediate explanation. This epistle he showed to me, inclosed the draft, sealed the envelope, and then handed it to me with the request that I have it go out with my mail. He was in no hurry to get away, but hung about the desk eager to go over the whole affair with endless variations of detail. This was the cleverest feature of the part he was playing, for the honest country merchant, in a similar predicament, would have done precisely this, discussing every possible phase and detail, and treading a hopeless circle of repetitions and speculations. He hung about until the lunch hour, and I was glad to see him go, but certain that he would return to give me the results of his latest cogitations on the subject of the repudiated draft. But after lunch he came not! Instead, he was making the best possible time in quite another direction. Of course, the mistake of the house was in not telegraphing to the bank in Atchison by which the draft purported to have been sold, asking if it had sold exchange of that description. A reply in the negative would at once have established the fraudulency of the paper and we should have caused the arrest of the sharper. The fact that we had already found one draft offered by this man, and drawn between the same banks, to be perfectly good was well calculated to allay suspicion, and every phase of the rôle which the forger played was so cleverly sustained that the deception was complete. His ingenuous coup of sending the check to the Atchison bank and thereby gaining time enough in which to escape being arrested or "spotted" by detectives was a fine and masterful stroke.

An Ingenious Fraud and its Detection

Later, every detail by which he had led up to the finale was brought to light. His plan of campaign was this: He had bought the fifty-dollar draft from the Atchison bank and found the name of a Chicago lithographer imprinted in small type in the corner. This furnished him his basis upon which to work. Arriving in this city, he went at once to that lithographer's, introduced himself as one of the officials of the Atchison bank, and gave order for the printing of a new book of drafts absolutely identical in tint with the one which he displayed. Also, he ordered a stamp similar to the one which had been used on his draft, and a variety of bank stationery. He instructed the lithographing house to send the book of drafts and the stamp to his hotel, but to forward the other stationery, by freight, to the bank. After he had taken out as many blanks as he needed to perfect his forged draft for $13,000 he sent the book and the stamp back to the lithographers with the statement that he had changed his mind and decided to have those articles shipped with the stationery, and that he had torn from the book as many blanks as he would need until his return home. Nothing could have been more complete or artistic than the foundation which he laid for the final stroke. Fortunately, however, in the critical part of his campaign he failed—but managed to slip through the fingers of the law. Of course the goods which he had bought of us had not been shipped to him, and we really lost nothing by the transaction save the time of the salesman. And the experience was certainly an entertaining one.

These anecdotes should not, however, be taken to indicate that the credit man finds most of his days enlivened by picturesque incidents, and he may be well content to have affairs proceed with monotonous steadiness, for that implies that his duties are discharged with uniform success.

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Literary Folk—Their Ways *and* Their Work

London's Literary Clubs

The literary man in London is pretty sure to have a club, for his city is a city of clubs, and the man who is not a clubman is a striking exception. The result is that there are more literary clubs than in most cities. There is nothing, perhaps, which is at once so literary and so distinguished as the Century Club in New York. The Athenæum Club, however, has a wonderful roll of celebrities as its list of members, and is so extraordinarily exclusive that membership in it is regarded among writers as a sign that one has really "arrived" and has secured a position about which there can be no doubt whatever. Distinction, however, it may be hinted, chills somewhat the air of its corridors, and for companionship its members are apt to betake themselves to other less exclusive regions.

The Savile, a plain but comfortable club with a big bow window looking across Piccadilly upon the Green Park, is a great haunt of authors, and in its dining-room you will find all schools of writers. One corner table generally accommodates Sir Walter Besant, Mr. Edmund Gosse and the sedate circle of their friends. At another you may see a younger set; perhaps Mr. H. B. Marriott-Watson, Mr. George S. Street and Mr. Max Beerbohm will be lunching together. Dinner at the Savile is like a Continental table d'hôte at one big table, and the theory is that one may always talk to the stranger next to one.

The Authors' Club is a small club which lives up to its name, and if one hears books talked there one can always accuse the speaker of talking shop. It occupies a suite of rooms in Whitehall Court, which visitors to London will recall as an enormous apartment building overlooking the river, next to the Métropole Hotel.

With the same view of the Thames, in the Adelphi Terrace, are the Savage and the Arundel Clubs. The first lives up to its name by being one of the most informal of clubs, and by having special nights when popular novelists grow noisy and poets sing.

The Yorick is a tiny club of young men, with two small and rather dirty rooms in Bedford Street, Covent Garden. But the talk that goes on is good talk, and it is a place to meet the coming man.

The Arts Club is especially for painters and sculptors, but it numbers others than these among its members. And the Garrick, the oldest and most exclusive of actors' clubs, not unmindful of the days when Thackeray was a member of it, always keeps a large proportion of its membership men of letters, who add to the sparkle of its well-known Saturday dinners and suppers.

A Sequel to Evelyn Innes

Mr. George Moore has finally completed Sister Teresa, the long-expected sequel to his Evelyn Innes. Sequel is, indeed, scarcely the word to use, for Sister Teresa was planned some six years ago and Evelyn Innes was really written to clear the way for it, and might properly be called a prologue to it. The actual work of composition was, however, proceeding at a snail's pace until last April, when Mr. Moore suddenly found himself writing at a tremendous rate and discovered that he had finished the novel almost before he knew what was happening. The two books together make almost 300,000 words devoted to the history of one individual, and this is more, says the author, than modern fiction, so far as he can remember, has devoted to any one character.

A novel with Mr. Moore takes so much time both in conception and in execution that it is not likely that his output of fiction will be large. Two, or at most three, more novels he considers the maximum of possibility, and he is inclined to believe that he will never write so many as this.

Owing to his efforts to aid and stimulate the Irish literary movement, and his somewhat startling articles on the decadence of London as a literary centre, many people have expressed surprise at finding Mr. Moore still comfortably settled in London. He himself would probably say that a lease of a charming flat in Victoria Street, full of beautiful old furniture and a few good paintings, has something to do with the matter.

"I cannot see, however," says Mr. Moore, "why I should not be contented in a small community. After all, what do I want to do? Write a little and read a little every day, and in the evening after dinner sit before the fire with my feet on the fender and 'æstheticise'—talk books and music and painting. Unless, indeed, I were in the country, when I should want to hunt all the time, and would probably do nothing else."

His friends, however, say that some of Mr. Moore's amusements would not be possible in a provincial town. He would not, for example, be able to attend auction sales of pictures, and pick up rare paintings for a song because of his expert knowledge.

Mr. Armstrong's Hoosier Cabby

Leroy Armstrong, author of The Indiana Man and many good short stories of the West, has recently become convinced that the Hoosier State is keeping pace with metropolitan civilization in a thorough-going manner. After a residence of some fifteen years in Chicago Mr. Armstrong was recently called to Lafayette, Indiana, to take editorial charge of the only morning daily of that city. He arrived in Lafayette at midnight, armed with the name of the leading hotel but ignorant of its location.

"Where'll I find the Lahr House?" inquired the story-writer of the baggageman. Before the captain of the baggage trucks had time to speak the cabman said:

"Take y' there fer a quarter, sir!"

"I'll go you!" promptly answered the newspaper man, clambering into the cab. The driver jumped to his seat, cracked his whip, yelled "Git up!" the wheels made two or three revolutions and then came to a halt, as the driver said "Whoa!"

"What's the matter, man?" inquired Mr. Armstrong, thrusting his head out of the door.

"Nothin'. Jest the Lahr House—that's all," responded the grinning Jehu, holding out his hand for a quarter. Mr. Armstrong doubled the sum in the hope that the cabman would keep the incident to himself, but there is not an "intelligent citizen" in the town who does not know that the "new editor from Chicago" paid fifty cents to be driven across the street in a cab. Mr. Armstrong is now writing an Indiana story called The Outlaws, dealing with Hoosier life of the period covered by the building of the Wabash Canal—from 1825 to 1850.

Ireland's Picturesque Poet

Another prominent figure in the Irish literary renaissance is the poet, W. B. Yeats. Whether Mr. Yeats believes or not in the theory that it is the duty of a poet to look picturesque, he certainly lives up to it, for long and somewhat disheveled black hair, a slouching felt hat and loosely hanging clothes combine to make him a noticeable figure. His appearance is always more or less unusual, and it is said that only of late years has he learned to give up star gazing long enough to cross the streets in perfect safety before the advance of the London 'bus.

Besides the Irish Literary Society, of which he is a prominent member, Mr. Yeats has a society of his own which is devoted to the study of all the phenomena of occultism. The Three Kings is, in fact, a kind of amateur society for psychical research. At its monthly meetings are gathered some of the most curious figures in London, and the velveteen coat, the red tie and the flowing locks are popular with its members.

A Gentle Pessimist's Translation

Although Henry B. Fuller is an uncommonly brilliant conversationalist and speaks the English language with the same delicacy and discrimination with which he writes, he occasionally shows his appreciation of modern slang and its forcefulness. Not long ago he picked up a volume belonging to Roswell M. Field and glanced at the bookplate of that satirist. The motto which met his eye was, "*Quod antiquus id mihi est gratius*," and the novelist instantly gave the modern and free translation: "Any old thing is good enough for me"—quite a variation from "That which is old has for me a special charm." Mr. Fuller is a rapid worker when once "in the swing" of a story, but absolutely refuses to attempt work unless thoroughly in the spirit of it. Among his boon companions he is often referred to as "The Gentle Pessimist."

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